

TO THE UNKNOWN EVANGELIST, MY BROTHER

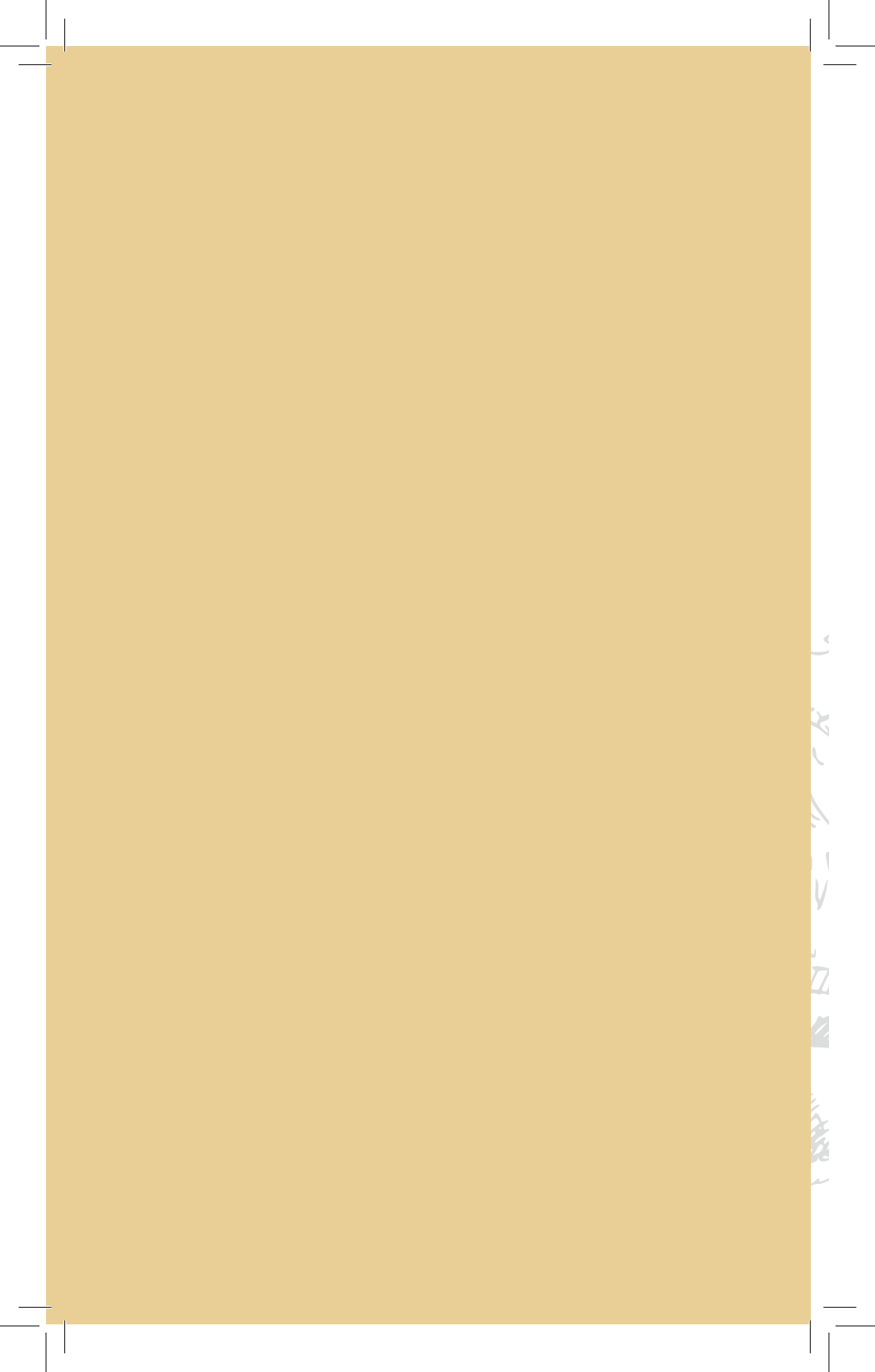
獻給無名的傳道者——我的弟兄

1948.10.30



邊雲波 Brian Yunbo

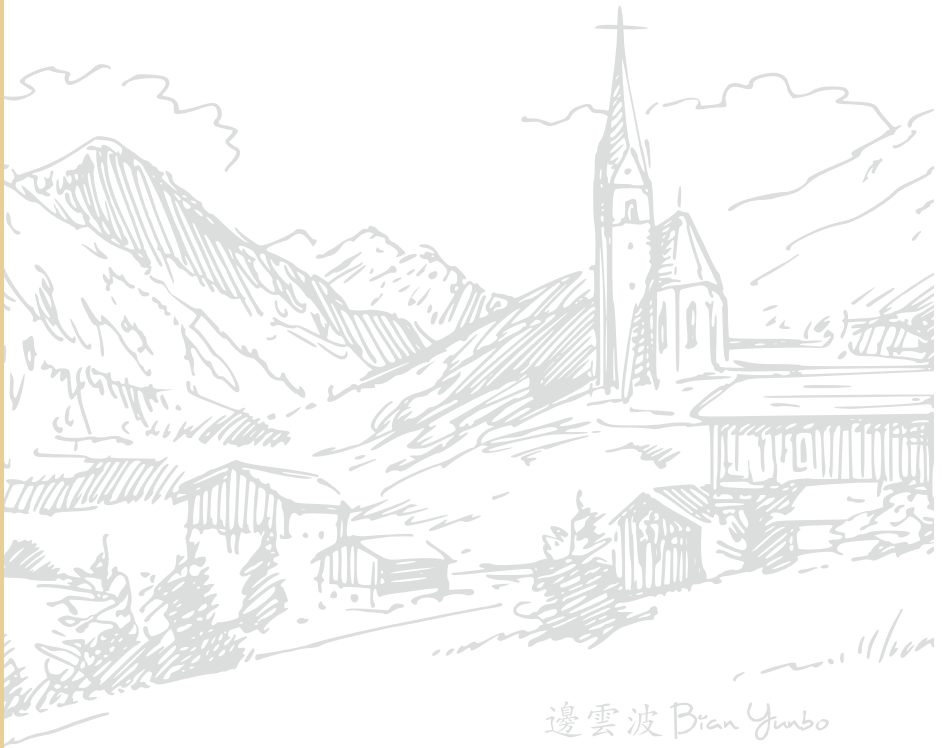
English Translation Glenn Woodfin



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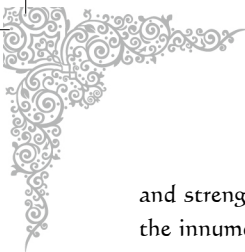


TRANSLATOR'S FOREWORD

Brother Bian Yunbo graciously asked if I would translate his poem, "To the Unknown Evangelist, My Brother", a poem that has been greatly used by the Lord among the Chinese church. I have known Brother Bian for some years, having been introduced to him through the late Rev. David Adeney, a former missionary with China Inland Mission (CIM, later known as Overseas Missionary Fellowship, or OMF). Beginning in the 1930s Rev. Adeney was a ceaseless organizer and encourager of many Christian students and workers both Chinese and non-Chinese. After leaving China in 1950, he continued through the International Fellowship of Evangelical Students (IFES), the Discipleship Training Center in Singapore, Pray For China Fellowship, and Christian conferences and prayer meetings up until his death in 1994. Brother Bian is also an inspiring and ceaseless worker. He asked me to translate this poem into English after reading my translation of a short memorial poem he had written to honor Ruth Adeney (Mrs. David Adeney) who went home to be with the Lord in the fall of 2011. Ruth, a Minnesota farm girl, served with China Inland Mission in the 1930s as one of the unknown evangelists who underwent great sacrifice for the Lord and worked silently and faithfully in the background while others, including her husband, had a greater public role. Yet the work of Brother Bian and Ruth like that of the innumerable unknown evangelists was never unknown, unused, or in vain. The Lord knows his sheep and they hear his voice and follow, and He leads them in the good works He has planned for them beforehand.

I was only too happy to attempt to translate Brother Bian's poem because my own journey of faith was so greatly impacted by the work of the Lord in China. Through research for a master's degree at the University of California at Berkeley on Communist policy towards the Protestant church in China, the Lord revived


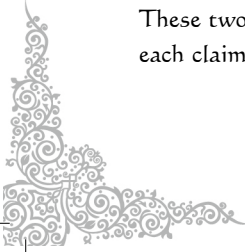






and strengthened my faith. The story of the Chinese church and the innumerable unknown evangelists, who under guidance from the Holy Spirit spread the gospel of Jesus Christ in China, is a story of man's weakness and God's power.

China had long been known as a difficult mission field. The work was difficult, the results seemed meager. The traditional culture of the Chinese people was almost impenetrable. A long proud history of Chinese Empire, Confucianism, filial piety, ancestor worship, Buddhism and Daoism, left little room for missionaries to make any large breakthrough. Yet the Lord is Lord, and what is impossible with man is possible with God. For the gospel to penetrate deeply, Chinese traditional culture would have to be opened. But such a violent and destructive task could certainly not be undertaken by the servants of the Lord, lambs led to the slaughter. Despite the difficulties and disappointments, Christian missionaries, both foreign and Chinese, continued to labor in the field. By the time the communists took power in 1949, there were approximately 700,000 Chinese Protestant Christians in China. But the Christian churches in China were seen as foreign, tainted with imperialism and were riven with the same denominational and theological problems as their Western counterparts. Yet these existential problems were nothing compared to what was to come. Over the next three decades two absolutist world views confronted one another. The Chinese Church faced communism (which quite resembles an attempt to recreate, without God, the early communal New Testament church, where the believers met daily and shared what they had [Acts 2:44-47]. ["From each according to his ability, to each according to his need," as Marx put it.] A utopian community created by men, for men, in which exploitation and want were to be eliminated.

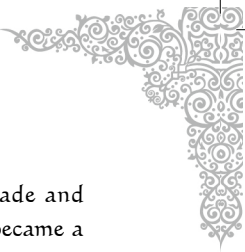

These two world views, one Christ-centered, one man-centered, each claimed the absolute truth. At the time of the founding of





the People's Republic of China (PRC), one had all the worldly power of the mighty nation state and the zeal of progressive humanism, the other was a weak, conflicted, and compromised collection of individuals, ranging from fervent, faithful followers of the Lord, to "rice bowl Christians" who had joined the church only in pursuit of material gain. The new communist regime soon deported all foreign missionaries and began a program to weed out all foreign and imperialistic influences. The communists sought to gradually co-opt and weaken the church which, after all, was merely "the opiate of the people." Christians were pressured through subtle and not so subtle means to proclaim allegiance to the new China and the new man under Communism above all else. Various campaigns were directed toward Christians and the church, including the Protestant Three Self Patriotic Movement, in order to wean benighted believers from their misguided faith in Christ. By the late 1950s the communists had closed most of the churches and sent many pastors to reform labor camps. Yet some churches still operated and some Christians still openly worshiped.



The social gospel preached by liberals before the revolution was easily subsumed within the social campaigns of the New China and used to serve the new regime. Any benefits brought through liberal Christian doctrine were paltry next to the works of the new Chinese Communist regime. Class struggle would bring a new era of human equality and social justice. The liberal Christian would serve the state first and the faith only as long as it did not conflict with the new reigning philosophy of Chinese communism. All old ways within Chinese culture were to be left in the dustbin of history. Like the liberal Christians, the "rice bowl Christians" were also quickly consumed by the multiple new movements promoted by the PRC, and soon fell away from the church. This left only the "true believers" who had put their total faith in Jesus Christ as the Lord of all Creation, who were battered by their compatriots and their own weaknesses. Yet





somehow the Lord kept them through all the man-made and satanic storms, which during the Cultural Revolution became a leveling typhoon.

When Mao started the Great Proletariat Cultural Revolution in 1966 and loosed the Red Guards, the steady, yet gradual co-optation of old elements within society gave way to an erratic, yet violent flood of 'religious' zeal. The youth of the nation were consumed by the Thought of Chairman Mao, and carrying his little red book, they set out to destroy all remnants of the 'Four Olds' of traditional Chinese Culture, and all 'reactionary elements' within society. All religion was banished. All churches were closed. People in the West began to think that the small, weak, Chinese church had been erased from the land. Certainly, the great suffering of this period removed any foreign, imperialistic, theological or doctrinal chaff. Yet the Lord is Lord, and God was not abandoning his church, He was refining it through fire. While the red storm raged through the land, the Lord preserved a remnant of true believers, those who knew the Lord of Love, the only Savior, the Prince of Peace, the Almighty God, and would not bend their knee to another. Though some, like Peter, had fearful moments of weakness, the Lord did not reject those He knew. The seeds planted by the Holy Spirit through the innumerable unknown evangelists before, during, and after the revolution, had fallen on good soil and the Lord nourished these tender plants.

As the Cultural Revolution increasingly became a force of immense destructive power, traditional Chinese culture was demolished. The culture that had so firm a grasp on the minds and hearts of the Chinese people butted up against, and was crushed, by the violence of the all-encompassing absolute faith of Chinese communism and Maoism. The seemingly immovable, impenetrable culture that had so hindered the spread of the gospel was swept away. And in its place was the new 'absolute truth'

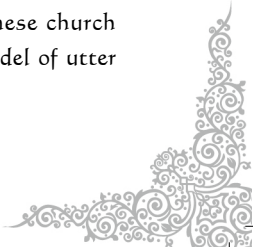
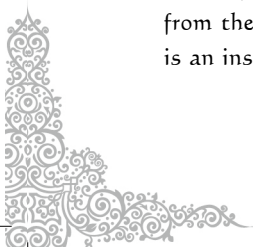






of the communist proletariat revolution. But after the ten years of passionate, destructive chaos of the Cultural Revolution, the people's faith in the new utopian vision had been hollowed out. The confrontational hatred and violence of class struggle had left a swath of personal and societal devastation. As Chinese society opened up in an attempt to recover from the wreckage, the remnant of Christians whose faith sustained them through this violent era became unknown evangelists spreading the gospel among their disappointed, distraught, and despairing compatriots. Into this field, plowed and readied by the waves of revolutionary zeal, they spread the love of God as they had received it from earlier unknown evangelists.

While many in the West believed that the Christian church had been wiped from the realm of China, God instead had been doing a marvelous, wonderful work, a work which no one had foreseen. The weak, compromised church, riven with denominational divisions and unsuitable man-made chaff, buffeted from without and within, was purified and prepared for a new thing. Into the rubble of Chinese society, God sent messengers of love, bearing the gospel of grace to a people hungering for a good word of life and love. From these unknown evangelists came perhaps the greatest, most rapid expansion of Christianity the world has ever seen. What had been 700,000 dwindled for a time only to become tens upon tens of millions thereafter.

Stripped of all man-made philosophies and denominational structures, without pastors, without churches, without any form of outside support other than the Spirit of the Lord, God prepared his evangelists individually or in the fellowship of small groups of believers during those horrific times. While unknown to us, none of these evangelists is nameless, each is thoroughly known by God, called by name to the good work He prepared for them from the foundation of the world. Today, the Chinese church is an instrument of God whose story provides a model of utter







abandonment to the Lord, and of the unsearchable wisdom of God. His ways are not our ways and His thoughts far exceed ours. Contrary to prevailing contemporaneous belief in the West, the communist revolution meant not the death of Christianity in China but, praise be to God, it meant that Chinese communism did the necessary work that His sheep could not do, sweeping away the obstacles that so hindered the spread of the gospel of grace. The Communist Party became the unwitting handmaiden of the church!

Today, the Chinese church and these unknown Chinese evangelists have so much to teach us. If Christians in the West heed their testimony, they will provide a valuable example of faithfulness for us who in these days desperately need to return to and follow the Lord first and foremost, and listen to Him above our governments, our leaders, our culture, or any other voice. "This is my beloved Son, listen to Him!" (Mark 9:7, Luke 9:35) The Lord is Lord. He must reign in our hearts. May the Lord bless His people through this poem dedicated to those who take the faithful path of the unknown evangelist.

I want to thank Sister Greta Wong from Seattle for going over my translation and pointing out errors, and the Desert Serve Fellowship for their tireless efforts to prepare the manuscript of this edition.


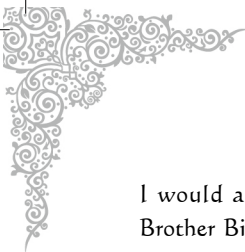
Glenn Woodfin, Berkeley, California, April 2013



DAVID ADENEY'S INTRODUCTION (1957 CHINESE ED.)

The author, Mr. Bian Yunbo, graduated from National Central University in 1948. During his studies, he and I became well acquainted, and I still remember to this day his love for the Lord, his sincere prayers, and his enthusiasm to witness for the Lord. He had a great burden on his heart for those who had never heard the gospel. Paul said, "I make it my ambition to preach the gospel, not where Christ has already been named." (Rom:15:20) This brother had the same vision. His body was not strong, in fact he developed lung disease, but he nevertheless took on the difficult burden of sowing the seeds of the gospel in the borderlands. Because of his service, tribal peoples in the mountains of Yunnan had the opportunity to hear the good news of salvation.

Many young people have been helped by Brother Bian's testimony, and I hope that through the reprinting of this book many more Christian students will be encouraged to walk this path of service. If you want to know whether or not you are called to preach the gospel, you must first be obedient. The world's population is growing rapidly, the number of those who have not heard the gospel is many times what it was just ten years ago. This generation of students must certainly take up this fight. The Lord of salvation is right now waiting for people "to deny themselves, take up their cross and follow him." Asian people should take up the responsibility of preaching to Asia. The footprints of overseas Chinese have spread to every corner of the world, but where are the Chinese preaching the good news of the cross? Brother Bian once faced tremendous difficulties, but with a determined believing heart, he was able to withstand those troubles. Brother Bian's testimony calls us to arise, kindle the fire of a loving heart, and say to our crucified and risen Lord: "Here I am, send me."



I would ask that everyone would remember in their prayers
Brother Bian and all those believers in China who are faithfully
witnessing for the Lord.

David H. Adeney
Hong Kong, Sept. 5, 1957









PREFACE

TO THE ENGLISH EDITION

“To the Unknown Evangelist, My Brother” is a poem I wrote near the end of October 1948. Initially intending to write a short poem as self-encouragement to travel to the borderlands and preach the gospel, I was at the same time in contact with many unknown evangelists. Prior to this, I was well convinced that a change in government would soon take place in China, and that after the change in government, evangelizing would become exceedingly difficult and dangerous; because of this, I experienced a short period of extreme internal spiritual warfare.

My primary motivation at the time came first and foremost from the steps of the Lord Jesus Christ on the narrow road to the cross, secondarily, were the many unknown evangelists who, down through the ages, had walked this narrow path. Throughout the year in which I wrote this poem, it seemed as though I were speaking face to face with many of these unknown evangelists. In these conversations, we were not often speaking to others, but merely pouring out our adoring accounts before the Lord. I was like a chronicler, using poetry to record these conversations word after word, writing while the tears flowed. After writing for a while, I knew this wasn't merely going to be a piece written to give myself encouragement, but that under the guidance of the Spirit I was writing so that I and many brothers and sisters could give each other mutual encouragement. It was a vocation entrusted by God, under which I was even more chastened not to quench the Spirit of the Lord. In those few days I barely ate or slept. If I was hungry I ate a piece of bread and drank a bit of water; when I became too tired and worn out, I would just flop onto bed in my clothes, rest a few hours, then get right back up and start again. Many people have asked me how many weeks it took me to write the poem. Actually, I replied, it took just a few days.







A little over a month after I completed the poem, I went forth to the southwest borderlands preaching the gospel with some brothers and sisters. Five years later, I was forced to leave, then arrested and sent to prison and labor reform camp. For the next few decades I experienced many unforeseen hardships, several times faced mortal danger; yet “While the mountains may depart and hills be removed, the loving kindness of the Lord will never leave us (Isa. 54:10).” Although this narrow road is difficult to walk, there is sweet within the bitter, joy within the pain. Brothers and Sisters! Only when we ourselves have tasted the Lord’s grace can we know how lovely He is (Ps. 34:8)!

For sixty-five years the Lord has used this poem, moving many brothers and sisters to dedicate their lives to spreading the gospel — a work entirely of the Lord. One used by the Lord knows only gratitude, and often feels unworthy.

Thank the Lord, brother Glenn Woodfin has translated this poem into English, which will allow this poem, already widespread throughout the Chinese church, to be shared with even more brothers and sisters. For two hundred years many unknown English and American evangelists sowed in tears the seed of the gospel in this land of China, and now we finally can use your language to express our thanks! To the many unknown evangelists from various countries at the forefront of today’s evangelism who shoulder the crush of circumstances, spiritual loneliness and a heavy burden of work, this little poem is also for you.

When I wrote this poem I was just 23 years old, now I am already 88. I often lift a prayer before God, which is simply to ask that the Lord raise up even more young and middle-aged brothers and sisters, moving each spiritually in service to overcome their own selves, and be used to greater extent by the Lord. With all those who remain behind and keep watch, as well as those gospel warriors who bravely march forward to take up the Lord’s battle, I yearn to welcome the return of the Lord. Amen!

Bian Yunbo, Farmington Hills, MI, May, 2013



**TO THE
UNKNOWN
EVANGELIST,
MY BROTHER**
(1948.10.30)



Part one



Just before the break of dawn
The world looms dark, difficult, and dreary.....

The autumn winds and rain
Dash your sleepy dreams,
A troublesome and melancholy net
Shrouds your heart.

Looking back along the trodden path
The whole is full of potholes and rough patches,
 Some defeats
 Some victories
Many stone-cold heartaches
And yet, so many shouts of praise.
The days passed like a gust of wind, a flash of lightning,
Until now, just as you have so yearned,
 There is truly a need for some rest and reflection:
Because, on the path ahead,
 There are still more potholes and rough patches,
 More thorns, hardships, and mire.

Truly,
Just before the break of dawn
The world looms dark, difficult, and dreary.

But, as you once declared:
 "With my own hands
 I willingly relinquished the pleasures of this world;
 With my own feet
 I willingly ran down the path of hardship!
 I've 'chosen' this indentured road



And not because I had no choice, on the contrary
I boldly used my own "freedom"!

Thus,

I prefer to summon a steady drizzle of heartfelt tears,
Gazing upon the mount of Calvary! And unto death ---
Never turn back!"

Truly, Brother!



(It's as if I saw with my own eyes)
It was on that day
You came before the Lord,
And gave yourself, without reservation
Upon the altar of death,
A smiling face washed with tears,
And joy inexpressible
Yet bitter.....



Truly, Brother!

(It's like I really saw this)
It was on that day
You answered the Lord's call
Shouldering the cross once borne by the Lord
You set out!
Galloping into the worn and weary world,
Campaigning here, fighting there,
To this very day!

You set out!

With a meager smile
Bid goodbye to the beloved books on your desk;
With a meager smile
Bid goodbye to the cherished dreams
that filled your journal;
Just as you once declared:







“Using your own hands, you relinquished
Friends
Loved ones
Pleasures
And fame:
Using your own freedom
You chose the battlefield of hardship!”



You, set off!
Shouldering your impecunious pack,
You recalled a need to see your aged mum and dad!
You thought you could again
Use that brave meager smile to bid them farewell,
But before a smile could break out,
Hot tears were streaming down your cheeks

Brother, you set out!
Hence forward, galloping into the worn and weary world,
Campaigning here, fighting there,
To this very day!

You, set out!
Coldly leaving family and farmhouse,
To spread the warmth of love into dark and deathly corners
That a grotesque world might bring forth a few pure blossoms,
Without hesitation you took the seeds of your broken self,
And cast them to the stinking earth, sown!
To die, and die utterly,
To be buried, and buried deeply.

Brother, you set out!
Passing over many wild places and open plains,
Crossing countless rivers, lakes, and mountain streams,









Forgetting to admire seasons of passing beauty,
Or leisurely notice whimsical white clouds in a blue sky,
Passing through city after city
Through market town after market town;
And day after day drawing ever nearer to
 Hardship,
 Mountains of trouble,
 Tumbledown villages
 And a succession of sallow starving faces;
But your warm home,
 Sweet dreams
 Beloved desk and garden
 Grew day after day more distant
 Day after day more distant

Brother, you set out!
Suffering every hardship,
Not once did you cut and run,
You continued galloping into the worn and weary world,
Campaigning here, fighting there,
To this very day!

Yet today,
 You've become old and haggard!
Because,
 Just before the break of dawn
 The world looms dark, difficult, and dreary.....

Brother, you've really become old and haggard!
 The years of crying out have cracked your voice,
 The years of wind-born frost have creased your countenance,
 A heart, downcast day after day, thrown into the depths,
 A back, day after day more bony and bent!
Yet you — my brother!
 Riddled in body with a thousand ills,









Stood fast at your post, not moving an inch!

Brother, you've indeed become so old and haggard!
Seeking out prodigals to return them home,
You became a vagabond,
 Drifting day after day!
Lacking cordial hosts, you happily slept outdoors,
Lacking provisions, you blithely ate your fill of the wind;
"Fasting" became your fast food,
Impoverished exposure your adornment;
The foxes in the hills had caves
The birds of the air had nests,
While you ----
 Were like a small autumn leaf,
 Warning people to prepare for the approaching "season,"
 Silently floating in wind and rain, without hesitation,
 Without a hint of complaint,
 Nor even a sigh

O Brother!

Let me speak out plainly for you!
On your trodden path,
Clearly not every bit of suffering could you endure;
Many times when thick clouds hung low,
You involuntarily turned to gaze behind.
Yet each pause,
Only increased your strength,
 You continued to march forward!
 You continued to fight on!
Just as you once declared:
"With my own hands
 I willingly relinquished the pleasures of this world;
With my own feet
 I willingly ran down the path of hardship!







And thus I prefer to summon
a steady drizzle of heartfelt tears,
Gazing upon the mount of Calvary!
And unto death Never turn back!"



Part two

Remember that day,
 You suddenly felt so alone!
Old friends were long estranged,
 And fellow believers likewise cold and aloof!
Toward the world you felt pity and sorrow,
 But in return came scoffing and mockery
You showed unbridled enthusiasm to the brothers and sisters,
 But they bequeathed you only a spiritually
 Unbearable, oppressive sadness;
No one understood,
And no one took notice;
Despair crushed your heart,
Grief stifled your breath!
Although you diligently attended your daily work,
Deep in the night you often wept silently before the Lord!
So Alone! In this world, other than your own shadow,
It seemed as if no other companion walked your path,
Therefore, as you felt oppressed,
You couldn't help but begin to hesitate.....



Yet, just at that instant,
 You remembered anew the moment of your call!
 Lying in waste, the fields were white and ripe for harvest,
 Your fellow countrymen, under fire of war, were like lost sheep
 Crying out! Weeping in sorrow!
The Lord said: "Who can I send?
 Who will go for me?
 So many in the family of God
 have no one to look after them,
Do you really mean to turn back,
 Just because you can't endure a bit of suffering?"



Just at that instant,
You finally and truly understood the way of the cross;
 Once again, bitter tears rained down before the Lord,
 Once again, you quietly took up the Lord's commission,
 Received your handfed flock as joy,
 Received solitude and loneliness as your happiness.

In time you forgot your loneliness,
The progress of your brothers and sisters let you despise troubles;
Your grateful eyes watched them
 move forward and forward again,
You wholeheartedly desired to support them into the latter years!
But who would have thought, bit by bit,
 Thick gloomy clouds darkened the sky,
 Withered weeds fearfully choked the wilderness,
Just before the break of dawn
The world looms dark, difficult, and dreary

How many needless misunderstandings,
 Brought many avoidable attacks,
Many face to face rebukes,
 And all the mockery behind your back;
Slowly, you began to realize,
 Within God's family dwelt the same human envy;
 This narrow path,
 Had just the same opposition and nay-sayers....
All along you suffered the whims of your "superiors".
 For the flock, for the work;
But there is a limit to human endurance!
 So on that day, you thought to leave this realm,
 And again float aimlessly through the world,
 float aimlessly....







That day you paced the night long round a small garden,
Now looking back, now looking forward,
Now with a firm gaze heavenward,
Now dejectedly full of your own shortcomings.....

Gazing back along the trodden path
The whole, full of potholes and rough patches,
 There were some defeats
 Some victories
Many disappointments and heartaches
And yet, so many shouts of praise.
The journey
 was spattered with your arduous zeal
 ---- Although today's work was going well,
 The birthing pains were entirely yours to bear!
And so, when you reached your limit,
 You reached the limit!
 Recalling this, your tears begin to glisten.....

Leave then!
This time be firm and go!
 With no more hesitation
 With no more self-flagellation
Nevertheless, you say,
before I go I should have a moment of prayer,
 To entrust them into the Lord's hands!
Therefore, you gently looked back,
And gazed again upon
 the faces of your beloved brothers and sisters,
 And as usual, you raised each one by name in prayer,
 But this time in tears, painful, silent

At that point, a gloomy moon cast an intermittent light,
 Lonely, late night stars trembled and blinked,







As a few passing clouds flitted across the skies,
..... A stillness spread through heaven and earth,
With nary a shred of concern or compassion.....
Yet just as a vacant, foreboding cosmos gathered,



Suddenly, from a hidden place came the voice of the Lord calling:

Peter, Peter, tonight I am sorrowful unto death,
Can you really not stay awake with me and watch?
For three years our companionship has been so rich,
We called each other friends, our friendship flourished!
Though you denied me three times, I always received you,
Through so many dangers, I walked by your side.
For you, I abandoned heavenly glory,
For you, I chose the manger at the inn,
For you, I rejected the support and praise of the multitudes,
For you, I exchanged infinite riches for poverty,
For you, on that night, I sorrowfully passed bread and cup,
For you, on that night, I exhorted again and again,
For you, I suffered the whip, insult and mockery,
For you, I became a sacrificial lamb led to slaughter,
For you, to save your soul from death, I gave my life,
 But after my death, the fulfillment of many plans awaits you!

“To this day how many people betray me in secret,
How many people are still selfishly striving and contentious,
How many people see the church as a playground for the rich,
How many, many, poor people have no gospel to hear,
How many people, resenting the narrowness of the road, turn back,
This night I am filled with inexpressible sorrow!
 Inexpressible sorrow!

Peter, Peter,
My friend!
Have you really turned back like this?







Can you not stay awake with me and watch?
On the shores of Galilee,
You three times promised,
No matter the cost,
To feed my sheep!
But today, are you really so wounded?
Because of this bit of hardship, are you turning a deaf ear?"

"Peter, Peter,
My friend!
Tonight 'I' am holding my nail-scarred hands out to 'you'
Imploring!

This sinful world still has countless
Countless lost souls!
Indeed, on the road ahead,
There is still more work and struggle,
But if you truly turn back because of this,
Who will staunch this wound?
And who will undertake for me?"

..... **T**he morning cock's crow reminded you of your vow,
God's grace melted your stony resolve.
For a long while, as though forgetting time altogether,
As though impaled, you stood there by the side of the fig tree.
A light breeze played with your hair,
As if in consolation, in compassion, in comfort;
Tears that fell who knows when,
Already indistinguishable
From dewdrops, moistening your feet.....


Silent songs from the deep recesses of your heart,
Now slowly became a resounding chorus:
"If the gracious Lord still wants me, I must follow,
No matter where, I will follow to the end!"



Past, present, into eternity,
Until the seas dry up and the stones dissolve will I love you!
Even if one day I am nailed to the cross,
Lord! I am firm unto death!"

From that day forward,
You became even more resolute, even more gung ho!
Going through every sort of hardship,
Not once did you become resentful
But, as you once declared:
"With my own hands
I willingly relinquished the pleasures of this world;
With my own feet
I willingly ran down the path of hardship!
And thus I prefer to summon a tortuous path even unto death,
Gazing upon the mount of Calvary, never to turn back!"








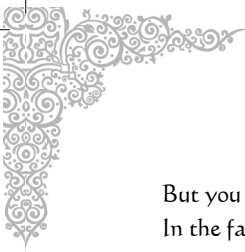
Part three

Galloping into the worn and weary world,
You went through even more battles!

Traversing wild places and open plains,
Crossing rivers, lakes, and mountain streams,
Passing through city after city
Passing through market town after market town;
And day after day drawing ever nearer to
Hardship,
Mountains of trouble
Tumbledown villages
A succession of sallow starving faces;
While your warm home,
Sweet dreams
Beloved desk and garden
Grew day after day more distant
Day after day more distant

You founded so much work,
And so often you bounced from pillar to post,
The years of crying out
have cracked your voice,
The years of wind-born frost
have creased your countenance,
Your heart, downcast day after day,
thrown into the depths,
Your back, day after day more bony and bent!
Lacking cordial hosts, you slept outdoors,
Lacking provisions, you ate your fill of the wind;
Daily life and the passing years made you old and haggard,
The repeated "forward charge" broke you in body and heart!





But you ---- my brother!
In the face of the tempest,
Resisting Satan's flaming darts and wily schemes,
You stood fast to your post,
 Not moving an inch!



Brothers!



You are the unknown, unobserved rock,
You are also the vanguard strike force,
You are the hidden foundation of the church,
You are the undecorated heroes,
Knowing only quiet dedication to your task,
You long ago forgot,
Comfort,
 Peaceful pleasure,
 Position,
 And vanity;

No grand stage hears your lofty lectures,
No imposing cathedral sees a trace of your shadow,
You have no spot in church papers or journals,
And in the elegant homes of the "great preachers,"
You have no room nor bed!

You,
You are the unknown evangelists,
 And only in forgotten places,
 May your footsteps be traced.....

No one noticed how the wasteland became woodland,
No one knew just how branches brought forth fruit,
No one understood why roses could bloom in the desert,
Or why rivers and streams flowed from barren ground,
No one was ever moved to recall
 How the gospel spread from Europe to China,





Even less were they reminded of

Charles Spurgeon,

Martin Luther,

Dwight L Moody,

John Sung,

Or their salvation and service!

No one thought of raising monuments to your contributions,

Because,

You are the unknown,

The unknown evangelists!

Oh, dear unknown evangelists!

My treasured and beloved brothers!

So much of your blood and tears

suffuse the work so valued in the eyes of our Lord,

So many instrumental servants flow from your finished work,

You called how many nameless souls into life,

Your prayers brought so many “days of revival”,

You,

You are the unknown evangelists!

You are treasured and beloved brethren!

Brothers,

I actually had thought of presenting you some gift,

But then my feeble talents were exposed,

Unable to write a line of poetry that expressed my thoughts,

Unable to daub a canvas and portray your soul,

Unable to draft a play that encompassed my admiration,

Less able, still, to compose an anthem to laud your spirit!



Yet as I thought of the sum of your life,

My heart could not but echo a response,

(Although we’ve never had a moment’s conversation,

Still we met frequently through prayer.)

Remembering your accomplishments I too became ecstatic,



Remembering your sufferings I too wept tears of sorrow,
So whenever I thought to raise my brush, I stroked nary a jot,
If I thought to sing out, my voice cracked, it came to naught!

Faced with your riches,
I felt paltry and poor;
Faced with your greatness,
I felt childish and cheap.
Today, I have no gift at all,
Nor have I any good points to speak of,
I wish only to spend this "heart" among you,
By your side campaigning here, fighting there,
Until the day the Lord comes!

Brethren, Let us go!
Why fear that the way of the cross may become ever more difficult,
Our wills meeting hardship shall become only the more resolute!
Whenever we patiently complete this earthly journey,
And see the Lord of Grace face to face,
Take the pain of this life,
And recount it as a love offering before our Lord.....





Part four



Today the trumpet sounds again!
A greater battle awaits our advance,
Because just before the break of dawn
The world looms dark, difficult, and dreary



Isn't it true, brother?

 The winds and rain of this autumn's eve
Dashed your sleepy dreams
A troublesome and melancholy net
Shrouded your heart.
When you look back upon the trodden path
The whole is full of potholes and rough patches,
 Some defeats
 Some victories
So many stone-cold heartaches
And still, so many shouts of praise.
The days passed like a gust of wind, a flash of lightning,
But now, just as you so yearned,

 There is truly a need for some rest and reflection:
Because,
On the path ahead,

 There are still more
 Rugged patches,
 Mire,
 Thorns,
 Unevenness,
And even greater
 Potholes,
 Hardships,
 Difficulties,
 And battle!







Yes,
Just before the break of dawn,
The world looms dark, difficult, and dreary.....
But we have already received 'sonship' from God,
And how can we know it was not for this very day?


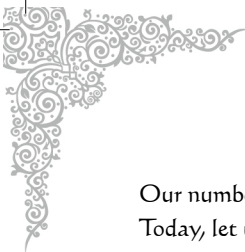
Brethren!

Today, thick gloomy clouds
Have already darkened the sky!
Today, withered weeds
Have already fearfully choked the wilderness!
Today, the fangs and talons of a violent tempest
Are wildly clawing and scratching at the heart of this world;
Today, a savage thunderbolt
Is viciously striking the earth
Today, wolves in sheep's clothing
Have already entered the church!
Today, everywhere prowling lions
Lie in wait along our path!
Today, let our banner
Be raised high!
Because demons are gathering their breed
To vainly wage all-out war at dawn's eve!

Brother,
In the moment before battle,
There is truly a need for some rest and reflection,
But today,
The time is short!
Today,
We must bravely rise up!



Brother!
Today, let us proclaim:





Our numbers are not at all too few!
Today, let us refute:
Our path is not at all lonely!
Today,
 Although there are many we have never seen,
 They nevertheless,
 Will join in spiritual alliance with us!
Because,
 We all feel the same disquiet
 And we all look to the same Exemplar!

Today,
 In the village,
 In the city,
 In Chongqing
 In Beiping (now Beijing)
 In so many places,
 In every church
 In the South,
 In the North,
 In the West,
 In the East,
In China,
Around the globe,
All contain numerous unknown evangelists
---- Our brethren!
It's an army without formations,
 Quietly awaiting the Captain's signal and command!
Brethren!
 The time is short!
 Today, let us say:
 "Instead of waiting for the onslaught of the coming war,
 Rather ----
 Let us be first to set forth!"





Brethren!

Facing this tempest,

Let us bravely rise up!

Many brothers once lost their lives in North Africa,

Many brothers once buried their bones in South America,

Many brothers are now marching to Xinjiang and Tibet,

Many brothers are exploring the north and south of TianShan,

With their own blood they colored

Macedonia

Rome,

The Sahara Desert,

The jungles of Brazil,

They too are unknown evangelists,

They too are also our brothers!

Today,

The gospel has not been carried back to Jerusalem,

In shame should we face their brave spirits!

Brethren,

Today,

We cannot continue in quiet reflection or repose,

But rather let us be first to "Set Forth"!

Brethren!

Today,

The trumpet is truly sounding again,

An even greater battle awaits our advance,

Because,

When the world looms ever more dark, difficult, and dreary

We yet firmly believe, in the distance the dawn is already visible!



Yes,

With our own hands

we willingly relinquished the pleasures of this world;

We “freely” and willingly have taken up the path of hardship

To run!

Therefore,

We cannot then, lightly turn back,

Nor ever be blithely complacent!

Today,

At this moment before dawn,

We must arise,

And fight this last battle against the devil!

Brethren, arise!

In your own workplace!

Brethren, arise!

At your own post!

Brethren, arise!

While others have yet to notice!

Brethren, arise!

In places others have forgotten!

Today,

Let us, this formless army,

Form a torrent of praise and song:

“If you have a torch, raise a torch!

If you have some strength, bring it forth!”

Today, we should shout out:

“We’ll return to the time of Jesus!

Heedless to Herod’s oppression,



Disdaining the hatred of priests!

And to death,

Focus on eternal victory!

Disregard,

Our reply to unjust abuse!



Today,
We will raise our banners high!
Let them wave,
Let them fly,
Let them face the sun,
Let them welcome the bright and shining King!

Yes,
Let the tempest quickly come!

Because,
When the world looms ever more dark, difficult, and dreary
We yet firmly believe, in the distance
The dawn is visible!
The dawn is visible!

1948.10.30 shortly before dawn




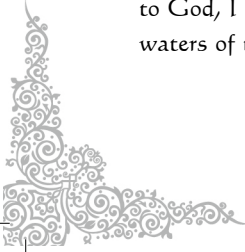



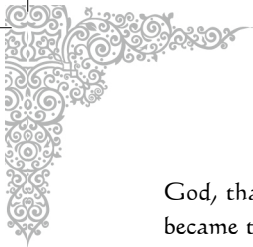
A MORE DETAILED ACCOUNT OF HOW *TO THE UNKNOWN EVANGELIST, MY BROTHER* CAME TO BE WRITTEN

The very first unknown evangelist I met was a missionary from the China Inland Mission named Miss Onion. In order to preach the gospel her entire life, she never married, and served the Lord in a small city beside the Han River in Yang Xian, Shaanxi. She was quite thin, wore the clothes of a Chinese peasant woman, did not speak Chinese well, but like an elderly mother she had a face full of kindness. She didn't say a lot, but she left you with the feeling that you just had to listen to her counsel. I was led to put my faith in the Lord through her.

In 1943, during the Second World War, my village was occupied by the Japanese. At eighteen I fled my home village, and made an arduous journey of over 600 miles on foot, fleeing to Yang Xian, Shaanxi which had a high school dedicated to accepting refugee students. At that time I went often to the church where I got to know Miss Onion. Although I went hungry daily, I had to study night and day to prepare for entrance exams and my health suffered. In the spring of the second year, seeing the hardships of the nation, and the darkness in society, I deeply felt the world meaningless and life so full of contradictions, and I often found myself wandering at the edge of the Han River alone and uncertain. More than once I found myself looking into the clear water and wanting to throw myself in, at least I would have no further worries!

At that time, Miss Onion cared for me like a loving mother, mentoring me, until finally I understood: I am a sinner! Much pain and bitterness are produced from our sin! And so, turning to God, I confessed my sins and repented. That summer, in the waters of the Han River I was baptized in the Lord. Thanks to

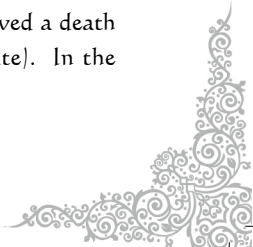







God, that stretch of river did not become my grave, but rather became the place symbolizing my death, burial, and resurrection in the Lord.

After graduating from high school I decided to attend college, and just before leaving I went to express my thanks to Miss Onion and say goodbye. She used not quite fluent Chinese to say: You don't need to thank me, thank Jesus! She related that a few months prior (just at the time I was despondently pacing back and forth along the Han River), as she was in a deep sleep late one night, she was suddenly awakened by what seemed to be a voice calling my name. After being startled awake she realized that I had not been to church for many weeks and she got up in the middle of the night to pray for me. Thereafter, many times she had sought to bring me before the Lord. When I heard her say this, I was truly grateful, and not just a little startled. I don't know why the Lord saved me in this way. But I secretly resolved that I would be a sincere Christian, and that whatever faculty I was accepted into, I would proclaim the truth of Christ there.

In 1944, at the age of 19, I was admitted into what was then China's largest institute of higher learning, the Central University. Although I assumed the leadership of the Christian Student Fellowship, even preaching at times during Sunday services, in my heart I forgot about glorifying the Lord, and was full of myself. I was making plans to become famous, hoping in the not too distant future be like the dramatist Cao Yu, and make a name for myself by producing a work in my twenties that would make me an instant celebrity. And so on top of attending classes, I worked day and night on a drama—"Exile." In the spring of 1945 the manuscript was already tens of thousands of characters long when unexpectedly I was diagnosed with second stage pulmonary pneumonia. At that time there was no medicine to treat this disease. It felt just as though I had received a death sentence, and I blamed everyone (and cursed my fate). In the




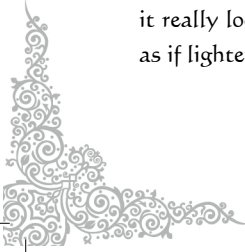


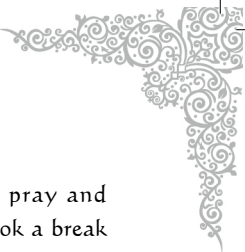

summer of that year I attended a spiritual formation conference, and under the grace of God's light, I saw my arrogance, selfishness, uselessness, and poverty. Together with many brothers and sisters, over a period of several days upon a hillside, I found myself tearfully confessing and repenting of sins deep into the night. At that time I truly felt that as the Lord had died for me so I should live for the Lord and I dedicated myself before the Lord.

My student fellowship group at the time had about 20-30 members. Our campus was forty li (a little more than 12 miles) from the city center, transportation was poor, and the only way to get from the city to our campus was by foot, so it was very difficult to invite pastors to come and preach. There was a man we called "Uncle Lu" around that time who was the general manager and chief engineer in a company. He was then about 50 years old, but from time to time he would nevertheless walk those miles to help us (of course we couldn't pay him anything), he was another of the unknown evangelists I've met and he once taught me a hymn, the hymn goes like this:

*Without complaint the root of the tree
Buried beneath where none can see.
Day and night food supplies,
'Til withering, it dies.
Let branch, leaf, and fruit the Lord glorify.
Love seeks not its own.
Love seeks not its own.*

Perhaps because of the influence of Uncle Lu, perhaps I was inspired by that hymn, "Without Complaint", that summer under several plantain trees, I burned all my manuscripts. As the mountain breezes blew the paper ash into the surrounding grass, it really looked like a pile of dung. My heart was filled with joy, as if lightened of the burden of sin.









In late autumn, I clearly heard the Lord's call to pray and proclaim the gospel. Under the Lord's guidance, I took a break from my studies for a year and returned to Yang Xian. I began to serve there, living a life of faith. Miss Onion had to leave Yang Xian because of illness, returning home to recuperate. I heard a China Inland Mission missionary say Miss Onion's arthritis was extremely severe, and people had early on urged her to leave Yang Xian's damp basin, but she continued to say "My work here is not finished." I don't know whether the Lord allowed her to finish the work with my perverse and obstinate person, but I assume her work was completed. Nevertheless, she had indeed left Yang Xian around the time I dedicated myself. So I went back and continued her work among the youth.

In the winter of 1945, the number of Christian students appeared to be increasing greatly, but suddenly, at the end of the year, I began coughing up blood. In the spring of the following year, I stopped coughing blood, but I was penniless and I had to ask someone to quietly sell my winter clothes to meet my daily needs. Prior to going out to preach, my studies had been going well and fellow students and friends were quite eager to help me. But after I quit my studies to preach the gospel, especially after I began coughing up blood, my old friends distanced themselves from me. People just didn't understand, some made fun of me, even pointedly mocking me.

At this time, a female non-Christian student with whom I had already formed a deep friendship before I was baptized, and whom I genuinely respected, suddenly sent me a letter inviting me to live near her so I could recuperate from my illness, explaining that she could be close to look after me. But she desired that I not continue my zealous preaching of the gospel. I understood her feelings. She was thoroughly prepared to stay with a second stage pneumonia patient, and she conveyed her desires. I had hoped for this kind of love before I believed in the Lord. In the midst of poverty, illness






and self-loathing, this kind of love is very precious. I felt at the same time both joyful and unsettled. For I was purchased by the blood of the Lord, and called to preach His saving grace. I could never abandon the Lord's way for human affection. During those days my inner struggle was intense. Finally I decided that at this stage of my spiritual journey I could only "press on forward" and never "turn back"! I could not remain undecided and leave myself any road back, neither could I allow the person I respected to harbor this affection for me. So I firmly expressed my commitment to my faith, and decidedly yet thankfully declined her gracious offer. From this point on I broke off all communication. During this period, I was not without heartache, yet the Lord's great love became even dearer and deeper.

Afterwards, as my health recovered a bit, I would sometimes go swimming, or walk a few miles on small roads to various high schools to preach the gospel. At the time I walked past village after village and market town after market town. Although it was tiring, after a few months it seemed that the number of believers in every high school had increased. Some of these went on to study in seminary, some became well respected youth leaders, which far exceeded my expectations. Thanks be to God, He knows my weaknesses and enabled me to taste the joy through bitterness.

In the summer of 1946, a few more unknown evangelists came through Yang Xian for spiritual conferences. They were students in the Northwest Bible Institute. At the time all instructors and students at the schools had developed "gospel preaching teams," determinedly going into the borderlands and wilderness areas to preach the gospel, in order to take the gospel back to Jerusalem. In their group was a brother, who had changed his name and was now called Mecca Zhao Maijia, whose aspiration was to take the gospel to the Islamic holy city of Mecca. For a few days we talked late into the night. They taught the young believers in Yang Xian a hymn:






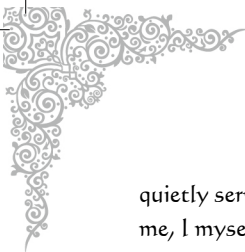
Arise! We go!

***Casting all aside, taking up the cross,
In the Lord's footsteps, unto Calvary,
Arise! We go!***

After the fall of 1946, many of my elders in the Lord encouraged me to complete my studies so that in the future I would be better prepared to preach the gospel to intellectuals. Under the impetus from many, I did return to the university and continued my studies. Unexpectedly, after undergoing an x-ray, the pneumonia in my lungs appeared completely healed! In those days the only treatment for pulmonary pneumonia that led to improvement was quiet rest. And here I had been always on the move, running ceaselessly over the hills. That I ever recovered was truly a miracle. This made me feel even more convinced that this wisp of life and breath was a gift from God, and it impelled me to try to use my strength to live for the Lord as a response to God's grace.

It was either in the winter of 1946, or, the spring of 1947 that I finally met up with a few workers, such as Zhang Guquan, the group leader, and sisters Liu Xiuyuan and Zhang Meiyang, from the Northwest Spiritual Group. Like the Back to Jerusalem Evangelistic Band, they left home and family, relationships, everything, and traveled to the western borderlands of China to preach the gospel; with the same determined spirit: to take the gospel back to Jerusalem. A few of them went on by foot. That year, of those who desired to travel to western China to evangelize, not one received a salary, and none knew about the others, yet without coordinating amongst themselves, they all looked after one another: without complaint, without going into debt, and even less turning to begging from others in order to journey Back to Jerusalem. After this, and for a long period of time, I would kneel every night by my bed and pray for these








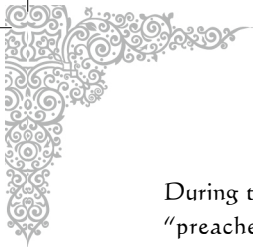
quietly serving workers. Slowly the Lord's leading became clear to me, I myself should serve as they did.

Throughout 1946, Mrs. Paul Contento took an interest in me, and she actively and repeatedly mentioned that she wanted to help Brother Teng Jinhui and me to travel to Britain to study at the University of Edinburgh. After brother Teng Jinhui returned from study abroad at Edinburgh, he became greatly used by the Lord as Rev. Philip Teng. But, still impelled by the many unknown evangelists in the rural areas and borderlands, I expressed my thanks and declined that gracious offer from my elder. I thank God that I was allowed to remain in China, or the poem "To the Unknown Evangelist, My Brother" would have been entrusted by the Lord to someone else.

After this, the professor who was my thesis advisor wanted me to assist him in writing a book, "Character of Thought Formation". At the time, this kind of student-professor collaboration was greatly sought after, because once the manuscript was finished, immediate publication was assured. Although your name comes after the professor's, you are nonetheless a published author and, supported by the professor, you could continue on as assistant professor or pursue your master degree. It would constitute an easily achieved "good thing." But after several days of prayer, I was fully unsettled. I figured his book would be quite comprehensive and would occupy a great deal of time to prepare materials. I was fully committed to serve the Lord at this point. I just didn't have the time to devote to scholarly research, so a few days later I thankfully declined his offer. This was completely unexpected and I can still remember his shock at the time.

I felt I had overcome, and was ready be used as the Lord pleased. But unbeknownst to me, even greater spiritual struggles were in store.


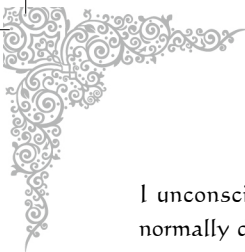




During the year of 1947, I discovered there were a few so-called “preachers” who were clearly not preaching because of love for the Lord, they saw spreading the gospel as an occupation. Nonbelievers called these people “rice bowl Christians.” At that time, I thought in my heart, how can I mix with these people, working alongside them “preaching the gospel”? Furthermore, in the winter of 1947, I already suspected that China’s government would undergo a great change. The years of civil war might lead to a godless government assuming power. After the change in government, if one fervently and prayerfully preached the gospel, one could encounter very grave difficulties, even dangers. If instead one sought a profession after graduating, and preached the gospel in one’s spare time, it might go a bit easier. In fact, in the back of my mind I was contemplating retiring from serving the Lord. But each time this thought arose, my conscience rebuked me and I felt stricken.

Later when I was in Shaanxi preaching the gospel, a brother believer wrote me, asking if I would come during the New Year of 1948 to his school to preach for three days. At the time this brother was the fellowship leader and I thought the work would surely go smoothly. I never imagined that there would be an obstructionist “pastor” there who created grave problems during the first day’s meetings. I was deeply despondent, and got up at dawn on the second day and went by myself into the countryside to fast and pray. But as I exited the city gate, I found myself drowned in my own self pity.

That day, in order to find a quiet place I walked southward along a narrow levee. It was a cold winter morning, the fields stretched without end. There was no one else around. The first rays of the morning sun cast my shadow a long, long way, and with every step I took, my shadow also took a step, if I stopped, my shadow stopped, another step and my shadow took another step, all of which only seemed to increase my sense of loneliness.



I unconsciously began to sing a few hymns. But some of the normally deeply moving verses became expressions of resentful, tear-filled complaint. For example, a few lines were:

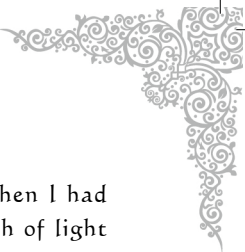

*I've already abandoned all and taken up the cross to follow Jesus
The pleasure, fame and riches of this world are now rubbish to me
Why does my heart tremble and fear, and with hand to plow turn to look back?
Seeing the road ahead is crowded with thorns, besieged on all sides by dark clouds,
The way of the cross becomes ever more difficult,
and as those that shared His bread lifted their heels against Him...*

Then my spirit was weak and my heart could not stop wave after wave of thoughts flooding in about returning to the "world." I truly felt it was all too much for me!

My feet plodded along slowly, the tears flowed as from a spring and trickled onto the path before me. Although the levee was narrow, I didn't lose my footing, and treading on my own tears, I walked along step by step. The scenery only deepened my despondency and I felt myself mistreated to a point most pitiful.

It was at this time that Satan buffeted me greatly: "Give up! It's not too late to turn back, you're a university student, after you graduate you can get a good job, who would blame you? Why should you seek bitterness like this?" This period of mute spiritual warfare, truly was more ferocious than days of continued battle with flying bullets and clouds of smoke!

The wild winter landscape was full of weeds, the morning breeze rustled the front of my long coat and I felt even more desolate. I don't know how long, as I cried and sang hymns, that I continued slowly walking that long narrow rugged strip of levee, I only remember my voice became a great wail, a bitter lament to heaven.

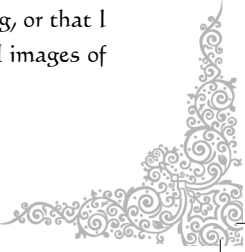
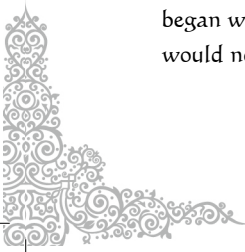



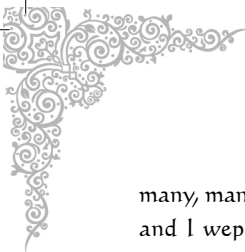
Thank God, He did not leave me an orphan. When I had calmed down a bit, suddenly there seemed a flash of light in my heart, somehow I saw the footsteps of the Lord Jesus walking to Jerusalem in His time. I fully understood: Jerusalem held Gethsemane, Calvary, and the dreadful cross. But He nevertheless “set His face” toward Jerusalem! Although the road is narrow, the Lord Jesus has already walked it before us. (Lk 9:51, 53; 19:38)

Moreover, not only the Lord Jesus himself, but all those who faithfully followed the Lord through the ages walked this road. And those missionaries on the borderlands that I remembered each night, they were now walking this road of hardship. With these many ancients before us, there must be many to come hereafter! At that time all I could see before me was a road already filled with rough places, and a boundless battlefield filled with Christian soldiers. On the field of battle myriads of gospel warriors marched forward in song! As one body among such an onrushing great gospel army, I could only feel myself small and unworthy. Why feel hurt or alone? A sinner saved by the Lord’s grace, and on top of that, to shoulder the yoke with the Lord, this was the Lord’s grace, why feel mistreated and pull back?

At that time I continued to sing hymns amid tears, but they were no longer tears of despair, but were tears of joy and thanksgiving. He had pulled me up out of the valley of darkness.

In the latter part of October of 1948, I felt the need to write a short poem to encourage myself and steel my will, and I began to write “To the Unknown Evangelist, My Brother.” Before I penned this poem, I had never written a hundred line poem, nor ever had any plans to write something like “To the Unknown Evangelist, My Brother.” However, I never thought that after I began writing I would feel it was not I who was writing, or that I would not be able to put down my pen. The deeds and images of


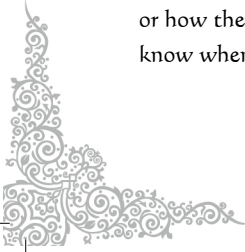



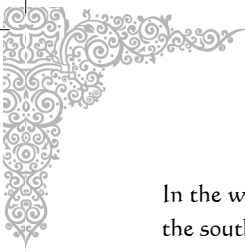


many, many nameless preachers seemed to appear before my eyes, and I wept with them, shared their past defeats and victories, giving thanks together, calling out to one another to run the race set before us. It was as if hand in hand with them, heart melded to heart, in mute communication, they detailed one after another testimony and experience. I felt just like a chronicler, using line after line of poetry, to record a series of scenes, and a language of the heart rarely known to men. During those few days I was completely exhausted, lost my appetite and any desire for sleep and when I reached halfway, it was quite clear that this was not being written just to give me encouragement, but was a work entrusted from God, and only when I had written the last line did I feel free of a heavy burden. It was already past midnight, the heavens were dark and silent, awaiting the appearance of the morning star.....

I am thankful that God used this poem. Through this poem, God was using a human hand to unroll the picture scroll of many nameless evangelists. A small person unrolling a picture scroll amounts to, what?

After I finished this poem, I didn't dare to sign the author's name to it, I simply asked a brother to make a copy for me. Later it was printed by others but included the author's name, which really was not what I had planned. It was only after this printing had been out for three years that I finally saw a copy in the borderlands. I was anxious to scratch out the author's name. I continued to maintain that the poem was dedicated to the nameless preachers, yet there was the author's name printed on the volume --- it was completely ridiculous! But since the situation was already like this, there was really nothing to be done. I could only ask that the Lord's mercy cover me. Even today, I don't know how the original publishers obtained the manuscript, or how they ascertained the author's name. That is something I'll know when I see the Lord.









In the winter of 1948, I and a few brothers and sisters went out to the southwest borderlands of Yunnan to preach the gospel. For the next few decades I experienced the valley of the shadow of death, many times coming close to death, but I didn't die. I can only ask that the scarred hands of the Lord continue to support me, even to my last footsteps in the wastelands of this human world.

God was doing a marvelous work in this land of China. He first discarded, ended or destroyed all works of human hands. And once He cut them all down, He rebuilt and replanted them Himself. He didn't use famous preachers, but instead worked through the myriad unknown evangelists. Every time I hear the testimony of the new generation of unknown evangelists, I myself once again am greatly encouraged: I often feel after all these years, the things I have done for the Lord have been too few. Therefore I feel I want to go again and not turn back, but rather diligently move forward.

These past decades, God has led me to many cities overseas. In every city quite a few Chinese have settled, even places like Thessalonica, Puteoli, the Three Taverns, the marketplace of Appius, Joppa (now called Tel Aviv), all cities once recorded in the Bible, or like Dubai on the Arabian Peninsula, they all have established Chinese churches. Yet the field is large and the workers are few. I often come before the Lord and ask God to raise up more and more unknown evangelists to preach the gospel among my countrymen, and to evangelize the people of every race and place, this is the mission of contemporary Chinese churches. A few years ago, a fellow worker said: "wherever the sun shines, the Chinese are sweating, wherever the moon shines, the Chinese are shedding tears." Afterwards, Pastor Morley Li Xiuquan added a few words: "I hope wherever the sun shines, the Chinese are sweating to preach the gospel and wherever the moon shines, the Chinese are weeping in prayer."





May the gospel torch of many brothers and sisters far exceed my own feeble light, and may they be used to a greater extent by the Lord. I also wish to diligently follow those who are forging ahead with torches ablaze. Amen.

Bian Yunbo, Farmington Hills, MI, November 2012



介紹《獻給無名的傳道者》

本書作者邊雲波先生，一九四八年畢業於南京中央大學。他念大學的時候，我和他很是熟識，他對主的那種愛心、禱告時的懇切和為主作見證的熱誠，直到今天我還不能忘記。對於未聽過福音的人，他心中有重大的託付。保羅說過：“我立了志向，不在基督的名被稱過的地方傳福音。”（羅十五20）邊弟兄有同樣的啟示。他身體並不強壯，並且染上肺病，但他卻負上邊境開墾佈道的艱辛工作。因着他的事奉，在雲南山區的部落民族，也有機會得聽救恩的信息。

不少的青年人因邊弟兄的見證而得着幫助，現在翻印這本書，希望能激勵更多信主的學生們走上這條奉獻的道路。要知道，若要有傳福音的呼召，先要有順服。現今世界人口激增，未聽過福音的人，今日比十年前又多了千千萬萬。這一代的信主學生們，一定要接受這個挑戰。救主正在等候着“捨己、背起十字架跟隨祂”的人。亞洲人要負起向亞洲佈道的責任。華僑的足跡遍佈全世界每一角落，但傳十字架信息的中國人在哪裏？邊弟兄曾面臨極大的困難，但藉着堅決的信心，他欣然忍受苦難。邊弟兄的見證，叫我們起來，燃着愛心之火，向被釘而復活的救主說：“我在這裏，請差遣我。”

請各位在禱告中紀念邊弟兄和今日在中國大陸上忠心見證主的信徒。

艾得理(David H. Adeney)

一九五七年九月五日寫於香港





英譯本序言

《獻給無名的傳道者——我的弟兄》是我在1948年10月底寫的一首詩。最初，只是想寫一首短詩來勉勵自己到邊疆去傳道，同時也與眾多無名的傳道者有點交通。在那以前，我已經清楚知道，中國的政局即將改變，而政局改變之後，傳道將極其艱難、危險；因此，我心裏的靈戰有一段時間十分激烈。

那時感動了自己的，首先是主耶穌在十架窄路上的腳蹤，另外還有自古至今走在這條窄路上的許多無名的傳道者。當年我寫這首詩的時候，好像在和眾多無名的傳道者面對面地談話。這些話平時我們很少對人講，只有在神面前才會傾心訴說。我就像個記錄員一樣，用詩句把這些談話一句句地記錄下來，一邊寫一邊流淚。寫了一段時間，我就知道這不僅是一首自勉詩，而是聖靈感動寫給眾多弟兄姐妹的互勉詩，是神託付的一項事工，所以就更不敢消滅聖靈的感動。那幾天幾乎寢食俱廢，餓了就咬一口饅頭，喝一點水；實在太困太累了就和衣而臥，休息幾個鐘頭，馬上起來再接着書寫。有人問我這首長詩是用了幾十天寫成的？我說實際上只用了幾天的時間。



寫完這首詩一個多月後，我就和幾位弟兄姐妹前往中國的西南邊疆傳道。五年後，我被迫離開，之後又入獄一年。此後數十年間，經歷過許多意料不到的艱難，幾次命懸一線；可是，大山可以挪開，小山可以遷移，但神的慈愛總不離開我（賽54:10）。這一條窄路，雖然難行，但是苦中有甜，難中有樂。弟兄姊妹們！我們只有親自嚐嚐天恩的滋味，才知道祂是何等的美善！（詩34:8）



六十五年來，神使用這一首詩歌，感動了許多弟兄姐妹奉獻傳道，這完全是神的作為。被神使用的人，只覺得感恩，常覺得不配。

感謝主，Woodfin弟兄把這首詩翻譯成了英文，使這首在中國教會流傳的詩能和更多的弟兄姐妹分享。二百年間，許多英美德籍的無名傳道者，在中國這片土地上流淚撒種，現在我們終於能用你們的語言，向你們獻上謝意！今天宣教的前線，也有許多各個國籍的無名傳道者，承擔著環境的壓力、心靈的孤單和工作的重擔；這一首小詩，也同樣是獻給你們的。

我寫這首詩的時候才二十三歲，現在我已近八十八歲了。我在主前常有一個求告，就是求主興起更多的中、青年弟兄姊妹們來，靈命和事奉都超過自己，更多的為主使用。我願跟在大家的後面，為大家看守器具，以利前方的福音戰士們勇往直前，為主爭戰，迎接主的再來。阿們！



獻給無名的傳道者
——我的弟兄

(1948.10.30)



《一》

當黎明快要來臨的時候，
人世間便越顯得黝黑、艱難、幽暗……

秋風和秋雨
打碎了你的睡夢；
迷茫和惆悵的網
卻織滿了你的心胸；
回顧過來的路途上，
處處都是坎坷和不平；
幾次的失敗，
幾次的得勝，
多少次的心灰意冷，
也有多少次的歡呼歌頌。
日子像風馳電掣般地過來了，
如今，
誠然如你所想地，
實在需要片刻的沉思和安靜；
因為，
在前面的路途上，
還有更多的坎坷和不平，
更多的荊棘、困苦和泥濘。
是的，
當黎明快要來臨的時候，
人世間便越顯得黝黑、艱難、幽暗。



但是，

你卻這樣地說過：

「是自己的手

甘心放下世上的享受；

是自己的腳

甘心到苦難的道路上來奔走！

『選中』這條不自由的道路，

並非出於無奈，

相反地

卻正是大膽地使用了自己的『自由』！

所以，

寧肯叫淚水一行行地向內心湧流，

遙望着各各他的山頂，

就是至死——也絕不退後！」

是的，弟兄！

（我彷彿曾親眼看見）

是那一天，

你來到了主的面前！

把自己，

無條件地

放上了死的祭壇，



帶著了滿臉的熱淚，

說不出是快活

還是辛酸……

是的，弟兄！

（我真的像是看見）





是那一天，
你奉了主的差遣，
背起了主曾背過的十字架
你出發了！
馳騁在僕僕的風塵裡，
東征西戰，直到今天！

你，出發了！

用微笑
告別了書桌上你愛戀過的書物；
用微笑
告別了日記裡你愛戀過的夢想。
正如你曾經講過的：
「是用手放下了
朋友
愛人
享受
和名望；
是用自己的自由
選擇了艱苦的戰場！」

你，出發了！
當你將貧窮的行裝背上了肩膀，
卻想到了還該去看看年老的爹娘！
你原打算同樣地
用勇敢的微笑去告別他們，
但還未曾笑出的時候，
熱淚，卻早已湊湊地流到臉上……





弟兄，你出發了！


從此便馳騁在僕僕的風塵裡，
東征西戰，直到今天！



你，出發了！

冷酷地離開了家人和田舍，
把熱愛撒向了黑暗而死蔭的角落！
為了使醜惡的人世上開出幾支潔淨的花朵，
你不惜把自己粉碎成一粒粒的種子
向腐臭的土地上散佈、傳播！
叫它們死透了、完全地死透，
埋沒了、更多地埋沒！

弟兄，你出發了！

經過了多少曠野和平原，
也越過了多少江河和山川，
忘記了欣賞風花雪月的美景，
顧不得注意白雲蒼波的變幻；
走過一個鄉城又一個鄉城，
走過一個鎮店又一個鎮店。
和你一天比一天接近的
是苦難
是顛連
是破蔽的農村中
一張一張的貧血的饑餓的臉；
但你溫暖的家室
甜蜜的梦想
可愛的書桌和田園，





卻一天比一天遙遠，
一天比一天遙遠……

弟兄，你出發了！

雖然歷盡了重重的艱險，
但卻沒有一次的折返，
你一直馳騁在僕僕的風塵裡，
東征西戰，直到今天！

但是，今天

你卻蒼老憔悴得多了！

因為，

當黎明快要來臨的時候，
人世間便越顯得黝黑、艱難、幽暗……

弟兄，你的確蒼老憔悴得多了！

多少年的呼喊撕裂了你的嗓子，
多少年的風霜吹皺了你的面皮；

心，

在一天天地低沉、更低沉，

脊背，



也在一天天地嶙峋、彎曲！


但你——我的弟兄！

卻撐持着千傷百孔的體軀，
苦守着自己的崗位

寸步不移！

弟兄，你實在蒼老憔悴得多了！





為了尋找浪子們回家，
你自己卻變成了流浪者
天天過著飄泊的日子！
沒有人接待便怡然地露天而宿，
沒有了糧食便恬然地以風充饑；
「絕食」是你的家常便飯，
清寒變成了你的裝飾。

山裡的狐狸有洞可住，
天上的飛鳥也有巢可棲，
而你——卻像是秋天的小葉；
為了警告人們預備將來的「節期」，
便不惜在風雨中無聲地飄逝，
沒有一點哀怨，
也沒有一聲歎息……

弟兄啊，

我代你乾脆地講了吧！
在過來的路途上，
並不是每一點痛苦都能使你忍受，
好幾次當低雲密布的時候，
你也曾不自主地回了回頭，
但每一次的停逗啊！
卻更多地加添了你的力量，
繼續前進！
繼續戰鬥！

正如你說過的：

「是自己的手甘心放下世上的享受；
是自己的腳甘心到苦難的道路上來奔走！


所以，
便寧肯叫淚水一行行地向內心湧流，
遙望着各各他的山頂，
就是至死——也絕不退後！」





《二》

記得是那一天，
你忽然地感到了孤單！
舊日的朋友早就已疏遠，
而教會當中也同樣是輕漠、冷淡！
對人世你滿懷著憐憫和惋惜，
但換來的卻是一片的諷刺和嘲譏，
把熱情完全地獻給了姊妹和兄弟，
但人們給你的，卻是你心靈上
擔不起的「壓制」和悵鬱；
沒有人瞭解，
也沒有人注意；
憂悶壓死了你的肺腑，
沉痛堵住了你的呼吸！
白天雖然是緊張地忙着工作，
但深夜裡在主面前卻常是暗暗地哭泣！
孤單啊！天地間除了自己的身影
幾乎再也找不到一個同行的伴侶，
於是，在你感到窒息的時候，
你不禁地開始了遲疑……
然而，就在這一剎那，
你又想起了蒙恩時的招呼！
荒蕪的土地上發了白的莊稼等着收割，
炮火下祖國的同胞們像亡羊似的
在悲鳴！在哀哭！
主說：
「我可以差遣誰呢？」



誰肯為我們去呢？

神家裡多少個弟兄姊妹沒有人照護，

難道你真忍心的這樣退去

僅僅是為了忍不住這點苦楚？……」

就在那一剎那啊！

你才真正地認清了十字架的道路，

再一次在主面前彈下了辛酸的眼淚，

再一次默然地接受了主的託付，

把親手餵養的羊群當作自己的喜樂，

把寂寞的孤獨，卻當作了自己的幸福。

時間使你忘記了孤單，

弟妹們的長進使你看輕了艱難；

你欣慰地眼看着他們在進步、更進步，

你衷心地盼望著扶持他們直到晚年！

誰知，漸漸地

密雲陰森地佈滿了高天，

枯草也恐怖地塞滿了荒原；

當黎明快要來臨的時候，

人世間，真的，越顯得黝黑、艱難、幽暗……

多少個不必要的誤會，


帶來了多少個不必要的攻擊，



多少個當面的責難，

也有多少個背地的鄙夷；

慢慢地，你終於明白了，

神家裡也同樣地有人妒忌，






在這一條狹窄的小路上，
也同樣地有人頂撞、排擠……

你一直忍耐著「在上者」的眼色，
為的是群羊、為的是工作；
但人，總有個忍不住的時候啊！
所以在那一天，你想：
離開這個地方
再到塵世上去飄泊、飄泊……

那一天你整夜地漫步在小園之中，
一會兒是回憶，
一會兒是憧憬，
一會兒毅然地注視着天際，
一會兒卻又頹然地萬念叢生……

回顧過來的道路上，
處處都是坎坷和不平；
曾有幾次的失敗，
也有幾次的得勝，
多少次的心灰意冷，
也有多少次的歡呼歌頌；
過來的旅程上
塗滿了自己的心血和熱誠；
——目前的工作雖然還好，
但為它卻受盡了生產的疼痛！
而如今，竟是這樣地走了！
這樣地走了啊！
想到這裡你已經淚眼晶瑩……



走

了啊！
這一次是堅決地走了！

再不願有一點踟躕，
再不願苦待自己的感情！

但你說：「在臨走之前我還該有個禱告，

為的是把他們交托在神的手中。」

於是，你輕輕地回過頭來，

又看到了你親愛的弟妹們的面容；
像平時一樣地你提着他們的名字祝禱着，
但這一次

卻哀傷地泣不成聲……



那時候，晦暗的月亮忽隱忽現，

寂寥的寒星也在瑟縮地眨著眼睛，
天邊上飄忽着幾片不定的浮雲，
……天地間泛起了一片緘默和寂靜，
卻沒有一絲的關心和同情……

當宇宙淒涼得令人難堪的時候，

忽然在隱密處傳來了主的呼聲：

「彼得，彼得，我今晚憂傷得幾乎要死，
難道你真不能和我一同做醒？
三年相共，我們的情誼何等深厚，
朋友相稱，我們的友愛何等敦隆！
你雖曾再三地不認我，我卻一直在容忍，



多少次的危險，我仍是親自地與你同行！

為了你，我放下了天上的榮耀，
為了你，我選擇了客店的馬棚；
為了你，我拒絕了眾人的擁戴和稱頌，
為了你，我由無限的富有變成了貧窮；
為了你，在那一夜我沉痛地分了杯和餅，
為了你，在那一夜我曾叮嚀了又加叮嚀；
為了你，我擔當了鞭打、凌辱和嘲諷，
為了你，我像羊羔似的成為宰殺的祭牲；
為了你的靈魂不死，我至終捨了性命，
但死後卻有多少的計劃期待着你們完成！」

「如今多少人仍然在變相地出賣着我，
多少人也依然在傾軋、紛爭，
多少人把教會當成了有錢人的享樂，
多少個、多少個貧窮人卻沒有福音可聽，
多少人都嫌這條路窄而退去了啊；
今晚間我實在有說不出的傷慟！
說不出的傷慟！」

「**彼**得，彼得，

我的朋友！

你真地就這樣去了麼？

你真不能和我一同做醒？……



在加利利的海濱，

你曾再三地向我應允：

不惜以任何的代價，

代替我看守羊群！







但今天，竟是這樣地使你傷心麼？
為了這點難處，便對我的呼喚置若罔聞？」

「彼得，彼得，
我的朋友！
今晚上『我』在舉着釘痕的手向『你』請命！
因為罪世上還有無數個
無數個將亡的靈魂！
誠然地在今後的道路上，
還有更多的工作和戰爭！
但若你竟因此而退去，
這一個破口又有誰來堵防？
又有誰來擔承呢？……」

……**晨**雞的呼喚提醒了你當初的誓言，
天上的慈愛化消了你剛硬的決斷。
忘記了時間恹般地那樣長久，
你釘住似地鵠立在無花果樹的旁邊；
清風吹着你的頭髮，
好像在撫問、在溫存、在慰安！
不知從何時落下的淚水，
已經不可分辨地
和着露水，灑滿了腳前……

久已含蘊在心底深處的無聲的詩歌，
如今已慢慢地變成了有聲的樂曲：
「恩主若仍然要我，我必定跟隨；
無論到什麼地方，我也跟隨到底！」



過去，現在，直到永永遠遠，
任憑海枯石爛，也仍然愛你！
縱使有一天自己被倒釘了十架，
主啊！我至死不移！」

從那一天起，

你已變得更加堅決、更加奮鬥！
雖然歷盡了重重的艱險！

但卻沒有一次的屈就！

正如你自己所說的：

「是自己的手放下了世上的享受，
是自己的腳甘心到苦難的道路上來奔走！

所以，便寧肯叫委曲甚至死亡臨頭，

遙望着各各他的山頂，
也絕不退後！」









《三》

馳
馳在僕僕的風塵裡，
你又經過了多少的爭戰！
穿過了曠野和平原，
越過了江河和山川；
過了一個鄉城又一個鄉城，
過了一個鎮店又一個鎮店；
和你一天比一天接近的
是苦難
是顛連
是破蔽的農村中
一張一張的貧血的饑餓的臉；
但你溫暖的家室
甜蜜的梦想
可愛的書桌和田園，
卻是一天比一天地遙遠
一天比一天地遙遠……

建立了多少的工作，
也變換了多少的境地，
多少年的呼喊撕裂了你的嗓子，
多少年的風霜吹皺了你的面皮。
心，
在一天天地低沉、更低沉，
脊背，
也在一天天地嶙峋、彎曲！
沒有人接待便露天而宿，





沒有了糧食便以風充饑；
生活和歲月使你越發的憔悴、蒼老，
反復的「衝殺」也摧傷了你的心靈和身體！
但你——我的弟兄！
面對着狂風和暴雨，
抗拒着撒但的火箭和詭計，
堅立自己的崗位上
寸步也不移！

弟兄們！

你們是無聲無臭的磐石，
你們也是攻打前鋒的尖兵！
你們是隱藏的教會的基礎，
你們是沒有勳章的英雄！
你們只知道默默地埋頭苦幹，
你們早已經忘記了

舒適

安樂



地位

和虛榮

講臺上聽不見你洋洋的教訓，
闊綽的禮拜堂裡也看不見你的身影，
教會的報紙刊物上從沒有你的地位，
華麗的「大牧師們」的居室裡
更沒有你的床位和面容！

你們，

你們是無名的傳道者啊！



只有在被人遺忘的地方
才會發現你們的腳蹤……

沒有人留心曠野是如何地變成了樹林？
沒有人曉得樹枝是如何地結出了花果？
沒有人明白為什麼沙漠裡盛開了玫瑰？
沒有人知道為什麼荒地上流出了江河？
沒有人曾回想

福音如何地由歐洲傳到中國？
更沒有人追問

司布真

路德

慕迪

宋尚節

他們得救和奉獻的經過！
沒有人想到用墓碑去紀念你的功績，
因為，你們是無名的

無名的傳道者！

無名的傳道者啊！

我關念而敬愛的弟兄！
多少神重視的工作裡滲透着你們的血淚，
多少神重用的僕人們是你們作成的事工；
你們叫多少不知名的靈魂得到了生命，
你們的禱告也帶來多少「時代的復興」。
你們，

你們是無名的傳道者啊！

你們是我關念而且敬愛的弟兄！





弟兄！

我本想盡可能送給你一點禮品，
但因此卻顯出了我低能的拙笨。
我寫不出一行詩句足能述說我的心意，
也畫不出一張畫像足能描繪出你的靈魂；
我編不出一個劇本可以表達我的敬仰，
更作不出一首歌曲用來讚揚你的精神！
因為每想到你的生平，
我的心便不禁地共鳴，
（雖然我們還沒有一次的交談，
然而在禱告中我們卻時常地相逢。）
想到你的成就我會同樣地興奮，
想到你的苦衷我也會同樣地痛淚縱橫。

所以，

每當我提起筆來我便不由得激動！
如果想歌唱我的喉嚨也常是啞哽！

面對着你們的豐盛，
我自覺得渺小貧寒；
面對着你們的偉大，
我自覺得幼稚可憐。
今天，我沒有一點饋贈，
也沒有一點的好處可言；
我只願把這顆「心」化在你們中間，
陪着你們東征西戰
直到主來的那一天！

弟兄！我們走吧！
那怕十字架的道路越走越難，
我們的心志卻是越難越堅！
什麼時候忍耐到底把世路走完
和恩主面對面地相見的時候，
再把一生的傷痛
盡情地訴說在主的面前……





《四》

今天號角又一次地吹起了！
一個更大的戰爭在等候着我們走上前線；
因為當黎明快要來臨的時候，
人世間，真的越顯得黝黑、艱難、幽暗……

弟兄，不是嗎？
今夜的秋風和秋雨
打碎了你甜蜜的睡夢，
一面迷茫和惆悵的網
卻織滿了你的心胸；
你回顧着過來的路途，
路途上盡都是坎坷和不平；
幾次的失敗，
幾次的得勝；
多少次的心灰和意冷，
也有多少次的歡呼和歌頌。
日子像風馳電掣般地過來了，
但今天，
誠然如你所想地
實在需要片刻的沉思和安靜；
因為，
在前面的路途上
還有更多的崎嶇
泥濘
荊棘
和不平，



也有更大的坎坷

困苦

艱辛

和戰爭！

是的，

當黎明快要來臨的時候，

人世間便越顯得黝黑、艱難、幽暗……

但我們既得了這神的兒女的位份，

又焉知不是為了今天呢？

弟兄們，

今天，密雲

已經陰森地佈滿了高天；

今天，枯草

已經恐怖地塞滿了荒原！

今天，風暴的爪牙

正在瘋狂地爬抓着大地的胸脯；

今天，狠毒的霹靂

正在兇惡地注視着塵寰！

今天，披着羊皮的豺狼

已經侵入了教會；

今天，遍地吼叫的獅群



已經埋伏在我們的去路的旁邊！

今天，把我們的旗幟

也高高地舉起來吧！

因為惡魔們率領着牠們的子孫

竟妄想着在黎明前夕傾巢而戰！



弟兄，
在作戰的前一刻，
實在需要片刻的沉思和安靜，
但今天，
時候卻是不多了啊！
今天，
我們勇敢地起來吧！

弟兄！

今天，叫我們來宣告：
我們的人數一點也不稀少！
今天，叫我們來否認：
我們的行列一點也不孤單！
今天，
雖然還有多少人未曾見面，
但他們，
卻和我一樣地會用心靈和你緊緊地相聯！
因為，
我們都有同樣的苦悶！
我們也都仰望着同一個標竿！
今天，在農村
在鄉城
在重慶
在北京
在多少地區裡面
在每一個教會當中
在南
在北
在西
在東



在中國

在全世界裡，

都有許多無名的傳道者——我們的弟兄！

這是一支沒有隊形的軍旅，

只在靜等着元帥的手勢和命令！

弟兄！

時候實在不多了！

今天，讓我們來說：

「與其將來迎接這個必來的戰爭，

反而不如

——首先發動！」

弟兄！

面對着這個大風暴，

勇敢地站起來吧！

弟兄，起來吧！

多少個弟兄曾經把性命丟在北非，

多少個弟兄曾經把屍骨埋在南美；

多少個弟兄正在遠征着新疆和西藏，

多少個弟兄正在探索天山的南北。

他們用自己的血染紅了

馬其頓

羅馬城

撒哈拉的大沙漠

以及巴西的橡樹林，

他們同樣地是無名的傳道者，





他們也同樣地是我們的弟兄！

今天，

福音仍沒有傳回到耶路撒冷，

我們應該為此而愧對他們的英靈！

弟兄！

今天，

我們不能再尋思沉靜，

與其將來「迎接」這個必來的戰爭，

反而不如我們先「發動」了吧！

弟兄！

今天，

號角真的又一次吹起來了，

一個更大的爭戰在等待着我們走上前線。

但我們一點也用不着懼怕；

因為，

當人世間越發的黝黑、艱難、幽暗的時候，

我們便堅信，黎明已遙遙可見了！

是的！

是我們自己的手放下了世上的享受，

是我們的「自由」甘心到苦難的道路上來奔走！

所以，

我們既不願輕易地退後，


也絕不能輕易地將就！


今天，

在這黎明的前一刻，

我們要起來

和魔鬼作一次最後的戰鬥！





弟兄，你起來吧！

在你自己的工場！

弟兄，你起來吧！

在你自己的崗位上！

弟兄，你起來吧！

當人們還未曾注意到的時候！

弟兄，你起來吧！

在人們遺忘了的地方！

今天，

讓我們這一支無形的軍旅

匯成一股洪流而歡呼、歌唱：

「有一枝火把舉起一枝火把！

有一份力量拿出一份力量！」

今天，我們要喊出來：

「我們要返回耶穌的年代！

不顧希律的逼迫，

不顧祭司們的殺害！」

向死亡，

永存着凱旋的態度！

用不睬，

去答覆那些無理的苦待！

今天，

要把我們的旗幟高高地舉起來！

叫它飄揚，

叫它飛翔，

叫它面向着太陽，



叫它歡迎那光明的君王！



是的，
叫暴風雨快些來到吧！
因為，
當人世間越發黝黑、艱難、幽暗的時候，
我們更堅信，
黎明必遙遙可見！
遙遙可見！

主曆1948年10月30日黎明一時半
(主曆2013年8月校訂)









“你們就必得着能力”
《獻給無名的傳道者——我的兄弟》
是怎樣寫出來的

我所見到的第一位無名的傳道者，是內地會的英國宣道士吳詠秋教士（Miss Onion）。她為了傳道一生未婚，在中國陝西省漢江旁邊的小城洋縣服事主。她瘦瘦的，穿著中國農村婦女的衣裳，中國話也說不好，但是像一位老媽媽一樣滿面的慈祥，她的話不多，可是讓人感到不能不聽她的勸告；我就是她帶領信主的。

1943年，第二次世界大戰期間，我的家鄉被日本侵佔了。十八歲的我逃離了家鄉，翻山越嶺，步行了兩千華里，逃到陝西洋縣一所專門收容流亡學生的中學讀書，在那裏認識了吳教士。那時我天天都在饑餓中度日，但為了準備考大學，又得經常日夜讀書，所以身體很壞。第二年春天，眼見國難重重，社會暗無天日；我深感人世虛空，人生充滿了矛盾，經常一個人在漢江邊上彷徨徘徊，不止一次地看着清澈見底的江水，心想，往裏一跳不就再也沒有煩惱了嗎？

其實從我15歲開始，因着在教會學校讀書的緣故，就經常參加主日崇拜、唱詩班和團契聚會，甚至還教過主日學。但是那時所去的禮拜堂，只講耶穌的精神偉大而不講祂的救恩，所以，自己險些在禮拜堂裏走向永遠滅亡的道路。來到洋縣後，我仍然去聚會，但是心裏根本不承認自己有罪。那時，吳教士像慈母一樣地關心我、開導我，使我終於認識到：我是個罪人！許多的苦痛都是從自己的罪裏生發出來的！因此我認罪悔改，歸向了神。那年夏天，我在漢江裏受洗歸主。感謝主，這條江沒







有成為我的喪生之地，反而成為標誌我與主同死、同葬、得永生的地方。

高中畢業後我決定去考大學，臨行前特意向吳詠秋教士告別致謝。她用不太流利的中國話說：“你不要謝我，你謝耶穌吧！”她說，前幾個月（也就是我在漢江邊上走來走去的悲觀時刻），有一天半夜她正在熟睡的時候，忽然有一個聲音好像提醒她一樣呼叫着我的名字。她驚醒之後想到我有好幾週沒有去聚會了，便半夜起來為我禱告。之後又屢次找我，把我帶到神的面前。我聽到這些話後，既非常感恩，又有些驚懼。我不知道神為什麼這樣救我，只有暗下決心做一個敬虔的基督徒，無論大學考入哪個專業，都要在那個專業中把基督的真道顯明出來。

1944年，我十九歲時考上了中國當年規模最大、院系最多的中央大學。雖然一度擔任基督徒學生團契主席的職務，甚至有時候還在主日崇拜中講道，但是心底深處早已忘記了怎樣榮耀主名，而且自高自大，給自己制定了一個成名成家的計劃，盼望不久能像劇作家曹禺一樣，在二十幾歲就寫出一個作品，一舉成名。因此除了上課以外，日夜寫作一個劇本《流亡》。1945年春天，文稿已經累計有幾萬字了，想不到突然發現患上了第二期的肺結核。當時這種病無藥可醫，我覺得像是被判了死刑一樣，甚至怨天尤人。那年夏天，我參加了一次培靈會，蒙主光照，我看到了自己的驕傲、自私、虛偽、貪婪，我和許多弟兄姊妹一起，連續幾天在一個山坡上痛哭着認罪悔改，甚至直到半夜。那時我深感到主為我死了，我就理當為主活着。我在神面前奉獻了自己。





當時我所在的中大分校學生團契大約有二三十人。我們學校距離市區四十華里，交通不便，由市區到學校只能徒步行走，所以很難請到牧者到我們那裏去講道。有位陸伯伯，是一個公司的總經理兼總工程師，他當時大約五十多歲，卻不時地步行幾十里去幫助我們（當然是沒有報酬的），他是我見到的另一位無名的傳道人。他曾教給我們一首詩歌，那首詩的歌詞是：



無聲無色是樹根，埋沒地下不見人，
夜以繼日不停息，輸送養料並水份，
寧願速死並速朽，只求枝葉花果榮耀神；
愛是不求自己的益處，愛是不求自己的益處。

可能是被陸伯伯的事奉所激勵，也可能是被那首“無聲無色”的詩歌所感動；那一年夏天我在幾棵芭蕉樹下燒掉了《流亡》所有的文稿。當山風把紙灰吹到草叢中的時候，真像是一片糞土。我心裏充滿了喜樂，像卸下了罪的重擔那樣輕鬆。

那年深秋，我清楚了主的呼召，要祈禱傳道。因着主的帶領，我休學一年回到了洋縣，憑着信心生活，在那裏開始了事奉。那時吳詠秋教士因病離開洋縣，回國療養去了。聽內地會的傳道人說：吳教士的關節炎非常嚴重，本來早有許多人勸她離開洋縣那個潮濕的盆地。但是她總說：“我在這裏的工作還沒完呢！”我不知道，是不是神讓她做完了我這個頑梗剛愎人的工作，就算她的工作完成了，不過她確實是我奉獻前後離開洋縣的；所以我回去，也正好繼續她在那裏的青年工作。

1945年冬天，那裏信主的青年學生明顯地增多了，但年底我卻突然大口吐血。第二年春天，血是止住不吐了，但生活貧困，









只有託人暗暗地把我剛換下來的冬衣賣掉，貼補生計。我未出來傳道以前，學業較好，許多同學、親友對我都器重。但在我休學傳道以後，特別是那次吐血以後，過去的那些朋友們幾乎都遠離了我。有人對我不解，有人為我惋惜，甚至有人嘲笑諷刺。

就在那個時候，我受洗前一位友情已深、多人尊重但不信主的女同學，忽然來信邀我到她那裏養病，說好就近照顧我的生活，只是盼我不要再熱心傳道。我了解她，她肯定是準備長期陪伴一個二期結核病人，才表示這一心願的。這種感情，原是我信主前的期望。在貧病中多人嫌棄自己之際，這種情愛就更覺珍貴；一時十分欣喜，但立時也十分不安。我已是主用寶血買來、又呼召去傳揚救恩的人了，我絕不能丟下主的道，去接受這種愛情。那些天心靈中的爭戰十分激烈，最後我覺得在靈程上只能“往前走”，絕不能“向後退”！我不能猶豫不決地給自己留一條後路，也不應含糊其辭地讓自己尊重的人有所懸念。於是我真摯地表明了自己對信仰的持守，堅定地謝絕了她的好意，從此交往也就斷開了。那期間，心中不無傷痛，然而神的大愛卻更親更深了。

以後身體略好了些，我有時要趟過溪水，步行幾十里的小路，到一些中學去傳揚福音。那時走過一個個的鄉村，經過一個個的鎮店，雖然有些勞累，但是幾個月後，好幾個中學的信徒都顯然增多了，其中有的人後來上了神學，有的人成了某些大專學校的團契負責人，這是我先前未曾料到的。感謝主，他知道我的軟弱，因此便使我初嚐生產之苦後的喜樂。

1946年夏天，又有兩位無名的傳道者遊行佈道到了洋縣，他們









是西北聖經學院的學生。那時這所學校的師生已經組成了“遍傳福音團”，決志到中國邊疆荒涼地區去傳道，甚至要把福音傳回耶路撒冷去。他們團中有位趙崇義弟兄，已經改名叫趙麥加，其用意顯然是志在把福音傳到伊斯蘭的聖地麥加城去。那幾天我和他們常常談到深夜。他們在洋縣的青年信徒中教唱了一首歌，它的歌詞是：

起來，我們走吧！
撇下一切，背十字架，
跟主腳蹤，往各各他；
起來，我們走吧！

1946年秋後，不少的主內長者都勸我，為了日後更好地向知識份子傳講福音，還是把大學讀完較好。在眾多人的印證下，我便又回到大學去繼續學習。想不到，經X光檢查，我的肺結核竟痊癒了！那時候對於肺結核這種病，只有靠着靜養使它鈣化，而我行蹤不定、奔波不停，竟能康復，實在是神蹟。這使我更深地感到，這點生命氣息乃是神所賜的，更當力求為主而活，回報神的恩典。

大約是1946年冬天（或是第二年春天），我先後見到了張谷泉弟兄，劉淑媛、張美英兩位姊妹，他們都是“西北靈工團”的同工。與“遍傳福音團”一樣，他們離家背井，拋下一切所有的，走向了中國的西部邊疆傳道；甚至也有同樣的心志，要把福音傳回耶路撒冷去！他們有些人是斷續步行走出去的。當年那些自願去往中國西部宣道的同工們，沒有一個人有工資，大家雖然天南地北互不相識，但是不約而同地都有一些共同的持守：不訴苦、不欠債，更不以傳回耶路撒冷為口號向人募捐。







此後相當長的一段時間，我幾乎每晚都跪在床前，為這些默默事奉的同工們禱告。漸漸地我清楚了主的帶領，我自己也應該像他們那樣事奉。



1946年時，有一位關心我的長輩孔保羅師母（Mrs. Contento），曾一再主動地提到要幫助滕懷智弟兄和我到英國愛丁堡大學去讀書。滕懷智弟兄去了愛丁堡留學，回來後被神重用，他即是大家熟知的滕近輝牧師。但我因為正深深地被農村、邊疆許多無名的傳道者激勵着，便謝絕了那位長輩的美意。謝謝主，讓我留在了大陸，不然《獻給無名的傳道者——我的弟兄》這首詩，神肯定就要託給別人來寫了。

在那以後，輔導我畢業論文的教授要我幫助他合寫一本書，論述“思想品質的形成”。當時這種師生合作是大學生求之不得的，因為書稿完成以後，可能會很快出版，雖然名列教授之後，卻總是發表了一本著作，以後由教授提拔，留校作助教，同時研讀碩士學位，乃是順理成章的“好事”。但是我禱告幾天以後，覺得十分不宜，因為我估計他的那本書，一定內容豐富，要花很多時間準備資料，而我一心撲在主的事工上，根本沒有時間去作學術研究，所以幾天後我謝絕了他的建議。這件事也出乎他的意料之外，現在我仍能回想起他當時不解的表情。

我自以為連連得勝，可以為主所用了，但是想不到還有更大的屬靈爭戰！

1947年間，我發覺到有些“傳道人”並不是因為愛主而傳道，他們只是把傳道當做個人謀生的職業，不信主的人把他們叫做“吃教的”。那時我心中曾想：我這一生怎麼能周旋在這些人







當中，和他們共同“傳道”呢？不僅如此，1947年冬天，我已經感到，中國的政局可能發生重大的變化，政局改變後，若是專心祈禱傳道，將會遇到很大的困難，甚至是危險；若是畢業後找個職業，在業餘時間傳道，就可能要容易得多。其實心底深處乃是想從服事主的路上退下來。但是每逢這樣想的時候，心中就常受責備，更覺痛苦。

後來，我在陝西傳道時信主的一位弟兄邀我，在1948年元旦去他們學校佈道三天。那時這位弟兄已經是那裏的團契主席了，我想工作一定會很順利。萬沒想到，在那裏竟有一位作梗的“牧師”，使第一天佈道就困難重重。我心中十分沉重，決定第二天凌晨獨自到野外去禁食禱告，但一出城門，便被自憐的心緒完全地吞沒了。

那一天，為了找個僻靜的地方，我沿著一條狹窄的田埂一直向南走去。寒冬清晨，遼闊的田野中，除我以外再沒有第二個人。初升的太陽，把我的身影照得很長很長，我每走一步，我的影子也跟着走一步，我停下來，影子也停了下來，再走一步，影子也跟着再走一步，顯得更加淒涼孤單。我情不自禁地吟唱着一些詩歌，但是有些素日頗受感動的詩句，卻成了聲聲的哀怨和泣訴。我還記得一些歌詞：

我已拋下凡百事物，背起十架隨耶穌；
世上福樂名利富貴，對我本已如糞土。
為何內心恐懼戰兢，手扶犁頭向後顧？……
遙望前路荊棘叢叢，四面楚歌密雲暗，
十架道路越走越難，同桌腳踢主亦然……



由於心靈軟弱，心中不禁一陣又一陣地湧動着重回“世界”的念頭；我覺得實在太“委屈”自己了！



我緩緩地移動着腳步，眼淚像泉水一樣地流淌下來，灑落在腳前的路徑上。由於田埂狹小，我別無落腳之處，只有踏著自己的眼淚一步一步地走，其情其景使自己更加傷痛辛酸，覺得“苦待”自己到這種地步，實在太可憐了……



那時撒但極力地攻擊我：退下去吧！現在退去一點也不晚，你是個大學生，畢業以後順理成章地找個好工作，誰又能責怪你？何必這樣自找苦吃呢？那一場無聲的靈戰，實在比炮火連天、硝煙瀰漫的戰鬥更為激烈！

冬天的曠野遍地是荒草，晨風吹拂着長袍的衣襟，更感到冷清不堪。我不知道流着淚、唱着詩、經過了多長的時間，我一直緩步行走在那條崎嶇而漫長的田埂上，只記得最後我的歌聲幾乎竟成了向天哀訴的嚎陶大哭……

謝謝主，他沒有撇下我為孤兒。當我稍微安靜一點的時候，心中好像忽然亮光一閃，我彷彿看到了主耶穌當年走向耶路撒冷的腳蹤。他深深知道：在耶路撒冷有客西馬尼，有各各他山，有苦難的十架，可是他仍是“定意”“面向”耶路撒冷走去！這條路雖然窄小，但是主耶穌已經在前面走過了。（路9:51、53，19:28）

而且，還不僅是主耶穌自己，歷代忠心跟隨主的人，都是在這條路上走過去的；自己每晚記念的那些邊疆傳道人，他們也正走在這條艱苦的道路上。前面既有這麼多的古人，後面就必有







許多的來者！那時候心靈中所看到的已經不再是一條漫長崎嶇的小路，而是一片無垠的佈滿基督精兵的戰場。戰場上千千萬萬的福音戰士，正在高歌前進！身在這樣一群浩浩蕩蕩的福音大軍當中，我只應感到自己的微小不配，為什麼竟會感到傷心孤單呢？一個罪人蒙主拯救，又有幸蒙主呼召，而且竟能與主同負一軛，這是主的恩典，為什麼竟會感到委屈而退縮呢？

那時我仍在流着淚繼續唱詩，但是已經不再是哀傷哭泣，而是滿了感恩的喜樂。感謝主，他把我從黑暗的低谷中又拉了上來。

1948年10月下旬，我覺得該寫首簡短的自勉詩來堅定自己的心志，於是開始動筆寫《獻給無名的傳道者——我的弟兄》。在寫這首詩之前，我從來沒有寫過上百行的長詩，更沒有寫作《獻》詩的計劃。但是，沒想到下筆之後，就像由不得自己似地，無法停下筆來。許許多多無名傳道者的事跡和形象，好像活活地畫在我的眼前，使我陪着他們一同流淚，一同回想過去的失敗和得勝，又一同感恩，一同互相呼應着奔走前面的路程。好像我和他們手握着手，心連着心，用無聲的語言，述說着一個又一個的見證和經歷。我覺得自己好像一個記錄員一樣，用一行行的詩句，記述着一連串的情景、畫面和鮮為人知的心聲。那些天常是淚流滿面，幾乎寢食俱廢。當寫到一半的時候，我已清楚地知道，這絕不僅是寫給自己的一首自勉詩，而是神託付的一項事工。直到寫完最後一行的時候，我才覺得如釋重負。那時候已是後半夜了，暗夜沉寂，正在等候着黎明前的晨星……

謝謝神，他使用了這首詩；但這首詩，乃是神藉着人的手，展現出來的許多無名傳道者的畫卷。一個小小的展現畫卷的人，算得了什麼？





這首詩寫完以後，我自己不敢署名，只請一位施晉德弟兄抄寫了一份副本。其後被人鉛印出版，並且印出了作者姓名，實在是出乎自己的意料。這個鉛印本在出版三年後，我才在邊疆見到它；當時恨不得把作者姓名從詩本上摳下去。我一直認為，詩是獻給無名的傳道人的，詩本上卻寫出了作者的名字，這本身就十分可笑！但是事已至此，無論如何也無濟於事了，只有求主憐憫遮蓋。直到今天，我也不曉得最初的出版者是怎樣得到詩稿，又怎樣確定了作者的名字，這只有在見主的時候才能知道了。

1948年冬，我與幾位弟兄姐妹一起前往中國的西南邊陲雲南省傳道。此後幾十年，歷經死蔭幽谷，多少次臨近死亡卻沒有死亡。但願主釘痕的手繼續扶攙，直到在人世的曠野中，踏完最後一個腳印。

神在中國這片土地上行了奇事。他先是拔出、拆毀、毀壞了一切人手所做的工，而且一拆到底；然後又親自建立、栽植。不是通過那些出名的佈道家，而是通過千萬個不為人知的傳道人。每逢聽到這些新一代的無名傳道者的見證，自己就再次受到激勵，常感多年以來為主所做的實在太少了，因此更覺得，在去而不返之前，應當努力前行！

近十幾年，神帶着我去到許多海外的城市，每個城市當中都居住着不少華人，甚至像帖撒羅尼迦、部丟利、三館、亞比烏、約帕（現名特拉維夫）這些曾記載於聖經中的城鎮，還有像迪拜這樣阿拉伯地區的城市，都建立了華人教會。然而，禾場大，工人少。我常在神面前求告，求神興起一個又一個無名的傳道者，把福音傳給自己的同胞，也把福音傳給各族各方的

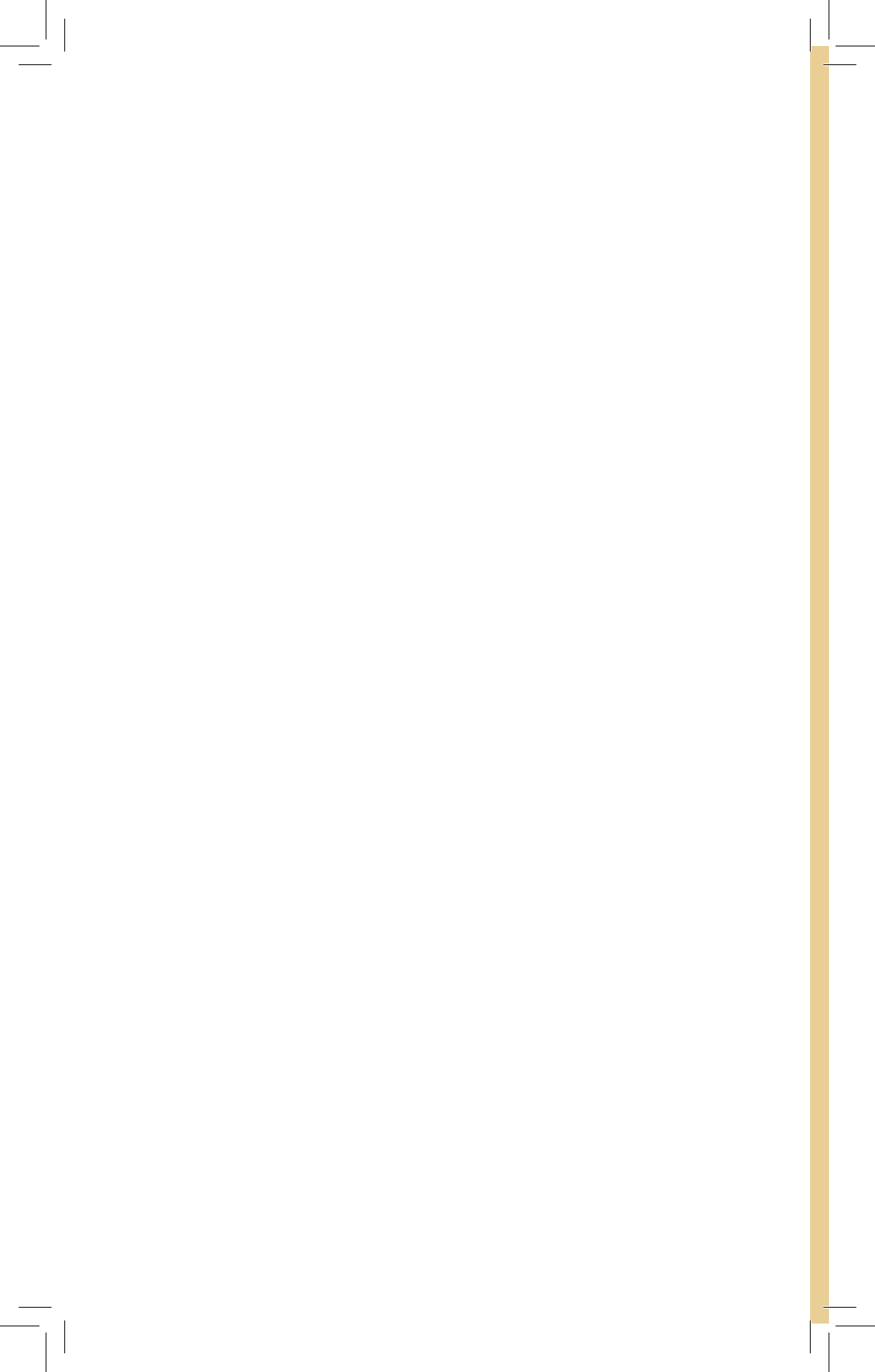


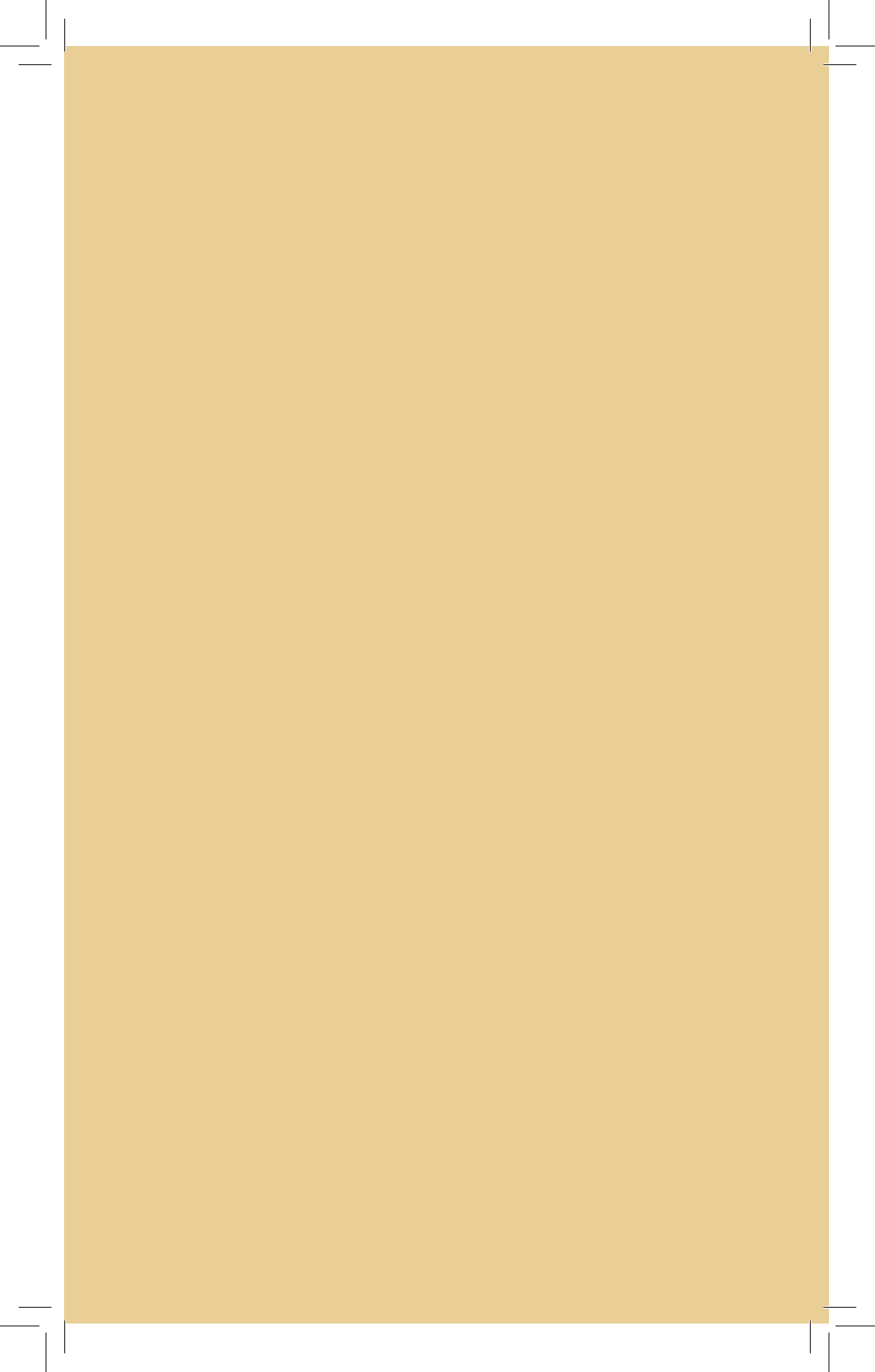
人，這是神託付給今天華人教會的使命。前幾年有位同工說過一句話：現在有太陽的地方就有中國人在流汗，有月亮的地方就有中國人在流淚。後來李秀全牧師又加了幾個字：希望在有太陽的地方就有中國人在流汗傳道，有月亮的地方就有中國人在流淚禱告。

願眾多弟兄姊妹的福音火焰，遠超過自己這盞殘燈的微光，更多地為主所用。我也願跟在眾多燃燒的火炬後面，努力前行。阿們！

邊雲波
主曆2012年11月於美國









TO THE UNKNOWN EVANGELIST, MY BROTHER

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